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on Spielberg's 'E.T.'

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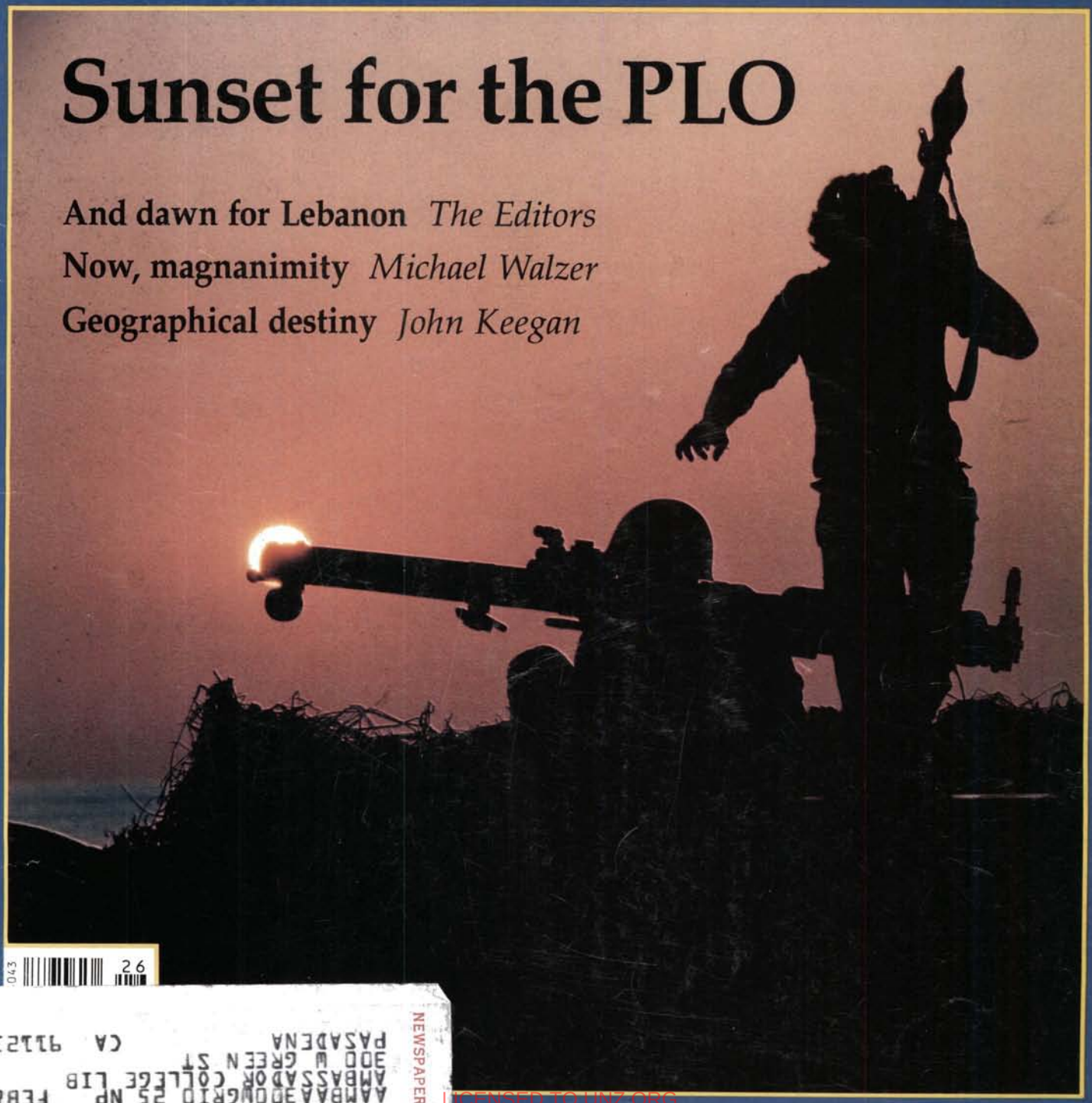
THE NEW REPUBLIC

Sunset for the PLO

And dawn for Lebanon *The Editors*
Now, magnanimity *Michael Walzer*
Geographical destiny *John Keegan*



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CORRESPONDENCE

SIMPLE JUSTICE

To the editors:

Paul Robinson in his review of Willard Gaylin's *The Killing of Barbara Garland* ("Criminals and Justice," TNR, June 8) makes an observation which is only too true: "The psychological sensibility of our age frustrates any reprobative principle of justice . . . ." Under the influence of that great imposture, forensic psychology, justice, reprobative or otherwise, is too often frustrated. A morbid, quite philistine sentimentality inherited from the nineteenth century has so perverted our moral sense and deformed our judgment that crime and punishment become illness and therapy, guilt and responsibility become mere lapse of innocence and conditioned reflex. We apologize to the felon for not comprehending his motives and their psycho-social causes, and we attribute his delinquency to "diminished capacity." May we not pity the wrong-doer caught in "the labyrinth of human emotions," yet pay him as he deserves? In Robinson's review "the psychological sensibility of our age" produces—as it must—bizarre inversions of justice: the killer is the hero, the father of the victim is the villain, the victim is simply inane, and the judge—Gaylin—is misled.

We have had too much of this "unbreakable habit of mind." It is a habit that must be broken if we are to meet the cynical insolence of crime that threatens the quality of civil life.

RICHARD G. TANSEY
San Jose, California

THE SANDS OF ACADEME

To the editors:

Steven Emerson, in his article "The Aramco Connection" (TNR, May 19), alleges that for the past fifteen years Aramco has been the primary instrument of a "surreptitious multimillion-dollar campaign to manipulate American public opinion and foreign policy on the Middle East." In responding to an inquiry from Mr. Emerson shortly before publication of the article, Aramco stated flatly that it is not and has never been involved in such a campaign. We stick by that statement.

The article is transparently partisan and offers nothing of substance in support of Mr. Emerson's allegations. Instead, Mr. Emerson contorts Aramco's motives in contributing very modest sums to a limited number of American educational and cultural institutions offering courses on the history and civilizations of the Middle East into an attempt to "manipulate" U.S. public opinion.

Historically, over 90 percent of Aramco's annual donations have been made to charitable and educational institutions in Saudi Arabia and the Middle East, the principal area of Aramco's operations. To put Aramco's donations to American universities in perspective, it should be observed that in 1981 Aramco donations totaling $74,000 were made to thirteen universities and not one donation exceeded $15,000. Total donations by American corporations to higher education in the United States run about $1 billion a year. To argue, as Mr. Emerson implicitly does, that the university system of the U.S. can be subverted by total annual donations of $74,000 is not only outrageous but absurd. It defies all logic to argue that Aramco's small share of total corporate donations can influence any of America's great universities to any extent.

We are not surprised by the partisan nature of the article in view of Mr. Emerson's expression of views clearly hostile to America's moderate Arab friends in the Middle East at an American Jewish Committee press conference in New York City on April 22. We respectfully suggest that THE NEW REPUBLIC and its readers should reflect on whether Mr. Emerson is an impartial, unbiased journalist when reporting on America's relations with the Middle East, its peoples, and the problems afflicting the region.

JAMES KNIGHT
Vice President
Arabian American Oil Company
Washington, D.C.

BRITAIN'S BIG STICK

To the editors:

Michael MccGwire is a former British naval officer and his feelings for his country are no doubt still partisan ("Battle for the Falklands: The Stakes," TNR, May 12). These feelings have led him to form certain realities into beautifully shaped half-truths.

Despite Mr. MccGwire's protests, colonialism is very much an issue. The Monroe Doctrine, decreed in 1823, was manipulated by the British and Americans in order to exempt the Malvinas from its dictate that European powers were not to establish new colonies in the Western Hemisphere. The British claim to the Malvinas did not arise until 1833, ten years later, so technically the British were and are in violation of American foreign policy. And MccGwire's argument that negotiations favor the weak is at least a little remarkable, unless he still harbors notions of Britain's magnanimous colonialist mission. The Argentines have been negotiating with the British over the Malvinas for many years, but it was not until recently that the islands were restored to the rightful owner. The British plan had been to negotiate for the purpose of stalling any real settlement. Argentina regained the islands not as a means of covering up domestic difficulties, but because its people were being made a mockery of by British recalcitrance. The legal claims of the two nations are very much at issue, but, as so often happens when one side refuses to negotiate in good faith, it is force, not merit, which prevails. The British chose force by stalling real negotiation, and the Argentines merely returned the favor.

By the way, *don't* cancel my subscription. Your covers continue to amuse me.

ISIDRO M. GARCIA
Tallahassee, Florida

SOAP BOXING

To the editors:

Typically, Mark Crispin Miller's perceptive analysis of TV propaganda ("Getting Dirty," TNR, June 2) was right on target. I have only one quibble: isn't it more likely that the sinister name given Mr. Gail's boss (J. J. Siss) suggests snakes? Not only would such an interpretation carry phallic overtones; it also suggests something about the moral character of the "sordid obligations" of upward mobility.

KATHLEEN GILSTRAP
Weatherford, Oklahoma

To the editors:

Mark Crispin Miller's analysis of the Shield commercial is nothing short of weird. To read all those sexual, homosexual, and female dominance overtones into it, as Mr. Miller has, borders

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,520

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COVER PLO troops near Khaldé. Photograph by Robin Moyer/Black Star.

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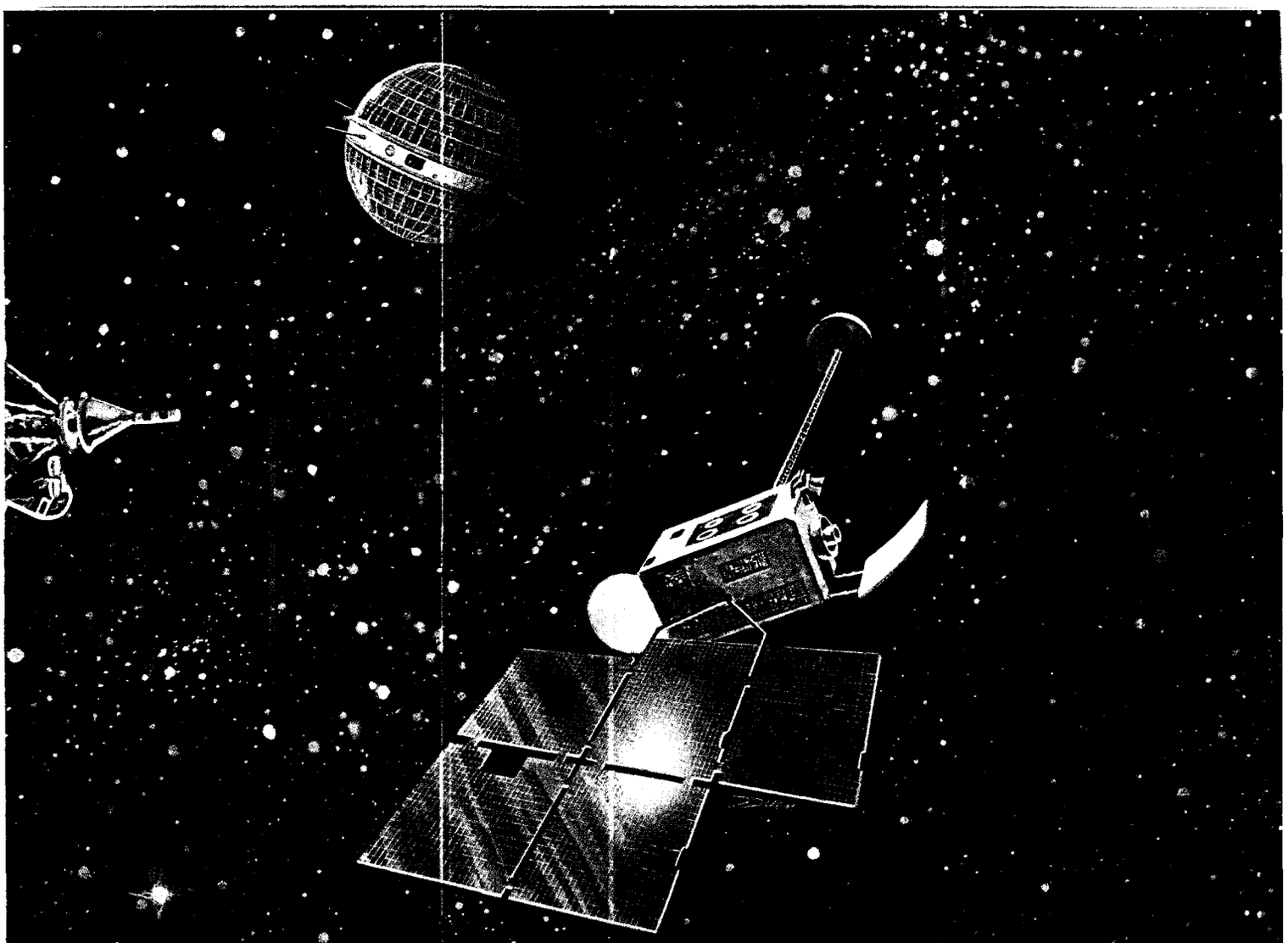

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Seating Plans

Common Cause and the Republicans have an initiative on the California ballot in November to take the politics out of reapportionment and turn it over to a nonpartisan commission. If you see some virtue in tradition, in things being done the way they are simply because, well, dammit, that's the way we've always done it, then you'll join me in hoping Common Cause and the Republicans fail.

By tradition, reapportionment is the process by which the politicians decide who wins before the polls open. That much is accepted on both sides of the political aisle. When parties divide control of the legislature and the governorship, the general rule is that each party protects its incumbents. When one party controls, the rule is as Jesse Unruh states it and as he followed it when he was speaker of the California Assembly: "Win as many seats for the majority party as you can." In 1962, under Unruh's direction, the Democrats gained almost as many seats by reapportionment in California as they lost in the midterm elections nationwide. Unruh remembers one district which ran up the Malibu coast for sixty miles and was connected only at low tide.

But it works both ways. The Republicans created a district for Helen Gahagan Douglas that looked like a dog on a stool playing the piano. The objective, says Unruh, was to combine all the liberal Jews in west Los Angeles with the liberal blacks. That's one of the basic rules of reapportionment: concentrate the other party's support in as few districts as possible and waste their votes. The other rule: split the opposition votes in a number of districts, making sure that they fall short of a majority.

Willie Brown, the current speaker of the California Assembly, recalls a district once drawn for him to ensure he would remain an incumbent. The objective was to pick up an isolated pocket of black voters Brown needed, so for a couple of miles his district consisted of the center stripe and one lane of a San Francisco freeway. "Picasso would have been proud of that job," says Brown, adding, "Now, all I have to do to be reelected is pay my filing fee."

You can learn the hard rules of reapportionment politics by observing California, but, in fact, this year's real battle lines were drawn in Washington. Republicans noticed that the 1980 census shifts seventeen House seats from the Democratic cities of the Northeast to the Republican suburbs and the sun belt. To maximize Republican gains, the Republican National Committee invested over $1 million, hired more than a dozen computer and legal specialists, and set out to draw the best districts possible for Republicans. For a time, national chairman Richard Richards was telling every reporter within earshot that his people were really going to stick it to the Democrats this time, and that the Republicans could pick up as many as fifteen seats.

First stop was Indiana, where the Republicans controlled the deck, and dealt out districts designed to produce Republican wins for a decade. They fed ninety-two variables into their computers, and the machines responded with a map that placed the homes of three incumbent Democrats in one district and balkanized two other Democratic districts, dividing them up four ways. The result will transform the present six-to-five Democratic edge into a seven-to-three Republican majority (Indiana loses one seat). The Republican Party applauded nationwide. California Democratic Representative Phil Burton said, "They beheaded our incumbents in Indiana." *Beheaded.*

Burton is a man who believes in getting even, and if you can't get an eye here, take a tooth there. He personally took over the California reapportionment process, determined to win the award for individual achievement. Armed with only a $300 calculator, Burton dispatched his staff to drive through neighborhoods, noting the make and model of cars to see if things were shifting up- or downscale. Like a general planning an invasion, he confided in no one—not in his Democratic House colleagues, not in the Democratic majorities in the California legislature, not in Governor Jerry Brown—what he planned to do. In fact, the California legislature passed Burton's map without ever seeing it.

Burton got even. California Democrats now hold a twenty-two to twenty-one edge in House seats, with 47 percent of the vote, a product of an earlier Burton gerrymander. With the same split in votes and two new seats, Burton's new map will convert that to 29 to 16 Democratic. To create one Democratic district, Burton began with the Hispanics of south Stockton, ran the district over the Sierras (where there's not even a road), through the desert, and back over the mountains, and picked up the black neighborhoods of south Fresno. Burton dismantled Republican incumbents, protected Democratic friends, created new Democratic districts, and accomplished it all with minimum population deviation. Phil Burton was so proud of his plan you could hear his balls clank. Republicans are inclined to a more skeptical view of Burton's work. At the RNC, reapportionment expert Tom Hoeffler says, "Indiana was child's play compared to California. Phil Burton took everything it was possible to take and butchered the state in the process."

The California Supreme Court approved Burton's plan, at least for this election, but the voters overturned it, two to one, in a Republican-sponsored referendum on the primary ballot. So, technically, California has no redistricting plan. Burton's will be in effect for this election only, and the November initiative will try to prevent the politicians from ever having any say about reapportionment again.

This is the Republican-Common Cause cooperative, modest-genius plan to neuter Phil Burton. Pray with me that it fails. Reapportionment is Old Testament politics, and it should stay that way. At least until the Democrats and Common Cause pass a similar initiative in Indiana.

Richard Strout, the regular author of TRB, is on vacation for three months. This column is written by Ken Bode, correspondent for NBC News.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JULY 5, 1982

THE END OF THE FANTASY

"War," wrote Edmund Burke in *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, "never leaves where it found a nation." That is always true, and it is true now for Lebanon, which will never again be the same after the war which was fought on its territory during the last fortnight. But the Lebanon over which war broke out was not a country at peace, and it had not been at least since 1975. Much of what is still sentimentally called "Lebanese territory" has been that in name only. Even before 1970, as the Palestinian Arab polemicist Walid Khalidi confirms, "the PLO virtually transferred its center of activities to Lebanon," with the result that "the flames of intersectarian hatred" were fanned and "the polarization of the country" completed. Lebanon's existence was precarious at the outset, with its politics organized to contain passionate religious differences. And these differences, it is important to understand, did not simply separate Christians from Moslems, but schismatic sect from schismatic sect: all of monotheism's illuminations squeezed together in a corner of a region overshadowed by one of them.

If the Lebanese nation remained a somewhat elusive notion to many of its nationals, the physical dimensions of Lebanese sovereignty were clear and clearly recognized—not least by Israel, with which Lebanon coexisted for more than two decades in an undeclared peace. With the massive intrusion of Palestinian irregulars and Syrian regulars, however, the authority which had kept fragile Lebanon together dissolved, so that finally, as John K. Cooley, former Middle East correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, put it, there were "areas where no Lebanese soldier had ventured since . . . November 1976." Even in Beirut itself, the national government could do only what the PLO, the Syrians, and the now fiercely mobilized Maronite Christians would permit. In a narrow strip on the southern border, a Christian official militia, allied with Shiite Moslem elements and backed by Israel, ruled in the name of a hopeful fiction: "Free Lebanon." But with ever greater sections of the country no longer theirs, hundreds of thousands of Lebanese went into exile, mostly Christians whom the Palestinians and the Moslem ultras were happy to see go. Carnage became commonplace. No fewer than seventy thousand civilians—some say one hundred thousand—died in what the world chose to call a civil war in order to cover up its silent complicity in a long war of occupation by two foreign armies. To this day, the resident Syrians are called "peacekeeping forces" in Western news accounts. After seven years—delimited by no ordinary constraints, and with incomprehensibly shifting alliances—this war was still running up a sickening daily toll in random bombings, shoot-outs between politicized bandits, and wholly premeditated massacres. Then the Israelis moved in with blunt force.

Israel's concern for the political viability of the Christian denominations in Lebanon is obvious: the survival of non-Moslem minorities in the Middle East (and also of non-Arab minorities) impedes the hegemonic drive of the intolerant majority in the region. So

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it is easy to grasp why Israel made common cause with the threatened communities of Lebanon. But the Israeli campaign was not undertaken on behalf of Lebanese Christians fearful that their country was being irretrievably lost to the PLO or integrated into the revived imperium of greater Syria. The invasion aimed to free Israel itself from the military perils of the PLO in Lebanon. In the light of Israel's stunning victory, these perils seem in retrospect somewhat less formidable than Jerusalem was inclined to suggest. But if the PLO in Lebanon posed no immediate threat to the existence of Israel, it did pose a perpetual threat to the safety of Israel's citizens.

Twice in the last twelve months heavy and sustained PLO shelling across the border put an end to normal civilian life in northern Israel. Tens of thousands of Israelis, not only in border kibbutzim but also in urban centers, went into underground shelters. Last July, many Israeli civilians had to evacuate toward the south. The strategy of Arab terrorism had worked: ordinary life had become untenable to the Israelis and they were forced to desert their homes. This year Israel acted before its people had to bear the trauma of exodus again. In the intervening time, under cover of a ceasefire, the PLO had amassed an enormous arsenal of advanced weaponry adjacent to the Israeli border. These weapons might not have inflicted a decisive military defeat on Israel, but they did allow the PLO to threaten and torment the Israeli population in a way that no government in Jerusalem—that no self-respecting government anywhere—could long permit. Even the sporadic gunfire aside, the long-run intent of the PLO was never in doubt. Its leaders—of all factions—did not trouble to disguise, even abroad, that they were building in Lebanon for a time when armed struggle would succeed.

LEBANON WAS, as Cooley terms it, "the reluctant sanctuary" for the PLO. In 1970 King Hussein drove it out of Jordan; Assad never let it sink deep roots in Syria. Yasir Arafat chose Lebanon because Lebanon was too weak and too fissured to resist. Lebanon had been designated by the stronger Arabs to play host to those whom no one else would have. The PLO disrupted the frail internal balance of Lebanese society; its armed gangs bullied and tyrannized those who would not submit to their designs. Those who would not be bullied or tyrannized were likely to be murdered, sometimes gruesomely. But because the Israelis also retaliated, and sometimes too harshly, for the deeds of the PLO across the border, indigenous Lebanese inevitably were caught and killed in bloody battles of retribution and preemption of which they were wholly innocent victims. From the beginning the PLO used civilians as a protective shield for its operations. The more this inhibited Israeli action—and it did—the more the PLO was encouraged to base its personnel and equipment where ordinary people work and live. To most Lebanese, then, the victory of Israel, even at so dreadfully high a cost in human life, is welcome. It means, they hope, that the brutal sway of the PLO over their lives has ended, and that the PLO will no longer lure punitive Israeli bombs to their towns and villages. It means also that the reconstruction of Lebanese society by the Lebanese can now at least be contemplated. That is why delegates to the Washington convention of the American Lebanese League were cheered, according to the *Washington Post*, by events in Lebanon, and "the major complaint . . . was that it didn't go far enough." The *Boston Globe* reported that representatives of two other associations of Lebanese Americans in Massachusetts, where many recent Lebanese exiles have settled, said in a press conference that "the Israeli invasion of Lebanon is the best thing that could have happened to that country." These are not heartless views, and they reflect sentiment back home. "I am glad that the Israelis have come," a Maronite woman told David Ignatius of the *Wall Street Journal*. "We've been on the cross for the last seven years." This is why so many of her countrymen showered advancing Israeli troops with flowers.

THE ISRAELIS will see to the protection of their own security interests in Lebanon. It is hard to imagine, for example, that they will vacate the twenty-five-mile zone under conditions in which the PLO might again infiltrate to within striking distance of Nahariya and Kiryat Shemona. The Begin government will be more cautious than it was in 1978, when, under U.S. pressure, it turned over captured PLO-occupied Lebanese territory to a U.N. force which, unsurprisingly, has proved to be an ineffective obstacle to the PLO. Because Israel must be reasonably assured that this zone of twenty-five miles will not harbor the PLO and will not be gradually reinfiltrated and rearmed, Israel also has a legitimate interest in what happens now in Beirut. But if the long Lebanese agony is finally to be ended, the U.S. must not succumb to a yearning for the status quo ante. That yearning inspires the mindless calls for an Israeli withdrawal before concrete political arrangements and guarantees can reestablish the rights of the Lebanese to seize their destiny from the occupying forces of the PLO and Syria. Thousands of PLO and Syrian troops are still ensconced in the north and east of Lebanon, though no longer close to Israel's frontiers. Once they are set to go, there will be no reason for Israel to want a single one of its soldiers on Lebanese soil.

A reasonably stable and free Lebanon is once again possible, perhaps based on the old formula of confessional representation in government. This arcane formula, embodied both in the French-sponsored constitution of Grand Liban in 1926 and in the National Pact of 1943 under which Lebanon became independent, protected Moslems as well as Christians, and provided for equitable if not explicitly equal represen-

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tation of the various sects. It did not pretend that one section of the population was benign, another malevolent. It respected and dealt with the harsh facts of religious enmities hardened over centuries at least as much by habit and social differences as by dogma. It did not always work; compared to the cruel anarchy which descended on Lebanon with the PLO invasion, however, anything resembling the old order would seem like heaven on earth. But even improvements more modest and this-worldly will require the withdrawal of all foreign troops from the country—and, more or less, at the same time.

The restoration of a Lebanon in which Christians might pursue their livelihoods, their faith, and their separate cultural ways free of terror would be an enormous triumph for the West and for the flickering dream of democracy. That this is again possible is directly attributable to the Israeli victory over the PLO. This victory should not be squandered. Its consequences go far beyond Lebanon and transcend the merely symbolic: in Lebanon, Israel has struck a blow against the entire Terrorist International network. It was on the outskirts of Beirut and in "Fatahland" where the Baader-Meinhof gang and the Red Brigades, the IRA Provisionals, and the Japanese Red Army militants received training. The PLO was both supply sergeant and war college to this worldwide Murder, Inc. When Israel advanced into Lebanon, a motley multinational assortment of soldiers armed with doctrine and gun fell into its hands. By demolishing terrorism's center, Israel has acted not merely for itself, but for Lebanon and for all democratic societies afflicted by the terrorist contagion.

IN DEFEATING the PLO and Syria, Israel has also handed the Soviet Union a defeat which the West should welcome, what with the impotence of the democracies over Afghanistan and Poland. It is not simply that Soviet equipment is no match for American materiel or even that our democratic ally trounced two of theirs, one a ruthless dictatorship and the other a revanchist rump casually given to murder. It has been shown that the Soviet Union holds few cards in the conflict. It can make mischief, but win no real gains for the Arabs. When Syria needed a ceasefire, only the U.S. could produce it. Some are saying that Israel has handed the Soviets an advantage. It hasn't. At least Alexander Haig seems to understand the multiple meanings of the Israeli triumph. His coolness, under pressure from those in the State Department, at the Pentagon, and in the press who are always eager to spoil the fruits of an Israeli victory, deserves respect. By now there are many in our diplomatic and opinion establishments who seem psychologically ill-equipped to deal with success at arms, as we can see in both Lebanon and the Falklands.

One of the fruits of Israel's victory should be that this battle never be fought again. It would be doubly tragic if the understandable dismay over civilian casualties ends up being an argument for restoring the conditions that brought about the cycle of violence in the first place. In any case it is hard to understand the solicitude of many in the West for the survival of the terrorist leadership. There were, of course, terrible civilian casualties, though the number is very unclear despite the precision of Lebanese reports. There was, in some places, terrible Israeli callousness—though nothing like the callousness which, from Tel al-Za'atour and Damour in 1976 to Hama in 1982, the Arabs have shown toward themselves. From Tyre to Beirut, Israel urged the local inhabitants to flee the area of combat so that the armed men could fight each other. The Syrians and the PLO warned the population against evacuation, saying that the exit roads would be bombed and that the maps dropped by planes marking safe routes out were poisoned. It is an old and despicable strategy of terrorists to make murderers of civilians out of genuine combatants. Among its combatants, Israel's losses were also very large. More than a thousand soldiers were wounded and at least two hundred are dead, with officers disproportionately represented among the fallen. In American terms, that would be about fourteen thousand dead, more than 25 percent of the number of Americans killed in Vietnam—but in one week, not ten years.

AS OUR COLLEAGUE Michael Walzer points out elsewhere in this issue (See "What Kind of Triumph?" page 11), there is little euphoria now in Israel, and not simply because of the deaths of so many of its sons. The Israelis know as well as anyone that military victories do not alone bring peace, and that a victory in Lebanon certainly will not bring peace between them and their neighbors. The editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC share fully the sentiment expressed by Mr. Walzer: in victory, the Israelis should now show imaginative magnanimity to those with whom they need to live side by side in the confines of historic Palestine. Many in Israel see the need for bold initiatives for peace; it may even be that, despite the dazzle of another military success, some members of Menachem Begin's government may also understand that Israel's current policies in the territories cruelly foreclose, rather than enhance, the peace option. We continue to favor a territorial compromise on the West Bank. But we have no illusions that any realistic Israeli gesture, however magnanimous and sensitive to the Arab grievance, will evoke a reciprocal response.

It is hard for Westerners to grasp why this is so. Nothing less than a full anthropological analysis of Arab politics could explain it adequately. But it is apparent that much Arab political behavior derives from and responds to fantasies no less, perhaps much more, than it does to facts. (With eighty-five of its own planes destroyed, Syria was falsely claiming to have downed dozens of Israel's; from his besieged bunker

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in Beirut, Arafat proclaimed impending victory.) One of those fantasies driving Arab politics, treated in the Western press and in Western chanceries as fact, is that of Arab unity behind the PLO "as the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people." To careful observers this has long been transparent nonsense. The recent war exposed it again as a fraud. The Arab nation did nothing for the PLO in its extremity. Not a blip was registered on the OPEC oil markets. Even Syria, which had denounced Egypt for making a separate peace with Israel, made a separate ceasefire with Israel in the PLO's penultimate moment. But many Palestinian Arabs, brave if also fanatical and now dead besides, believed that their struggle was genuinely supported by those who said for a decade that they did. They don't; they don't care a fig.

There was also the fantasy of a popular resistance in the territories. But hardly a stone was thrown, a tire burned, or a shop closed in solidarity with the Palestinian Arab army fighting in Lebanon. Fantasies, like ideologies, possess and blind. When Marvin Kalb on "Meet the Press" probingly "offered" Farouk Kaddoumi, the "foreign minister" of the PLO, an independent state on the West Bank and Gaza, he would ultimately accept, even amidst the devastation in Lebanon, nothing less than all of Palestine. Arafat is still aiming for everything "from Metullah to Elath."

THE TRUTH is that the PLO can have nothing from Israel; it is a failed revolution. The facts on the ground—the strength of Israel's Army, the steadfastness of its people—guarantee that failure. There is justice in *that* refusal. For the Israelis know, as Conor Cruise O'Brien, who also knows something about terrorism and terrorists, wrote in the June 13 London *Observer* that a compromise with the PLO is one "which Israel can move toward only by beginning to die." It will not comply.

Those who care about the Palestinian Arabs would now do well to stop counseling them in the politics of fantasy. To so encourage them is to urge them to murder and to suicide. The blood of innocents, Arab and Jewish, is on the hands of those safe and far away who urge the Palestinian Arabs on to a victory they can win neither on the battlefield nor at the conference table. When the Arab world is ready to deal reasonably over the disputed territory that lies between the Jewish state and Jordan (itself a contrivance of British colonial design, comprising the greater portion of historic Palestine and inhabited largely by Palestinians), Israel is likely to surprise—as even someone so hardline as Menachem Begin surprised on the Sinai. But if the Arabs continue to cling to maximal solutions and to dream of maps without Israel, the message of Israel's neighbors will be the same as "from the moment of its birth," as Dr. O'Brien has put it, "that if it wants peace it has to fight to get it. The only peace it can get, under any other terms, is the peace of death."

NOTEBOOK

□ CALENDAR MAVENS will have noticed that this week's edition of THE NEW REPUBLIC is dated July 5, whereas last week's was dated June 23. Have we mislaid five days somewhere? Why do we seem to be drifting further and further into the future? This seems a logical moment to answer these and other related questions. Of course, a magazine's "cover date" is not its date of publication (this issue, for example, is being printed on Wednesday, June 16); it is, instead, the last day that it can be sold on newsstands. In other words, the cover date is like the little date stamped on the top of a milk carton. Newsstand operators don't care how improbably far in the future a magazine may be dated, but they adamantly refuse to sell any magazine after its cover date. No one knows why this is so, but it is, and it must be lived with. The reason TNR is advancing its cover date by an extra five days—we'll be frank about this—is to squeeze out a few more newsstand sales in remote outposts where the magazine arrives later than it does in the big cities. Subscribers need not fear that this change will somehow cost them an issue. (It's like daylight savings time—you don't actually lose an hour, you just set your watch ahead.) Meanwhile, here's a simple way to figure out when a given issue of TNR was actually published: take the cover date, subtract three weeks, add two days, and you've got it. Is that clear? It isn't?

□ PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY and the Eagle Forum may be celebrating prematurely when they gather on June 30 for their "Over the Rainbow Celebration," a party honor-

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ing their triumph over the Equal Rights Amendment. Senator Paul Tsongas and Representatives Pat Schroeder and Margaret Heckler, among others, already plan to reintroduce the amendment, verbatim, on July 14. Schlafly isn't worried, but this time around she is likely to be faced with a tougher and wiser opposition. The National Organization for Women has learned to use the lessons taught by the political action committees of the 1980 Presidential election, and its "ERA Countdown Campaign" has proved to be every bit as successful as any of the corporate PACs. In February alone NOW raised $1.3 million for what many termed a lost cause, and since November 1980 NOW has increased its membership from 100,000 to 180,000. An April Harris survey shows that 63 percent of Americans (13 percent more than in January) support ERA, and Southerners have made what Harris terms a "dramatic turnaround" on the issue. Although after June 30 the lengthy legislative process for getting the ERA enacted must begin all over again, this time things look a little different. What NOW has shown in its most recent campaign, and what the Reagan Administration has yet to realize, is that women as a political force are here to stay.

□ EVERY LOYAL REAGANITE knows how important it is to slash away at federal paperwork. All that paper jams the machinery of swift action. But the White House seems to have been a bit overzealous in keeping its desks tidy. The *Washington Post* reports that an FBI memo was hand-delivered to White House counsel Fred Fielding during the confirmation hearings for Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan. This interesting document, which possibly was used to mop up some spilt coffee, alleged that Mr. Donovan had "close personal and business ties with known La Cosa Nostra figures." Orrin Hatch, chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, told the *Post* that neither he nor ranking minority member Edward Kennedy had seen it. Freed from this burden to read, read, read, the Labor Committee confirmed Donovan early last year. By cutting down on the Committee's paperwork, the White House got the job done. See? The method works.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Russia, I am convinced, will solve for all practical purposes the economic problem. The real test of her creed and her method will come *after* its solution—say, following the sixth Five Year Plan. Will these provide an acceptable way of life; will people be happy in Russia; will art and culture provide outlets for creative ability; will the groundwork be laid for a progressive attack on those human problems which, in the long run, transcend the economic problem—biological improvement, the uses of leisure, the control of the physical environment? Only time can tell." ("The Road of Revolution," by Stuart Chase, July 6, 1932.)

The Battle of Lebanon: 1.

What Kind Of Triumph?

THERE CAN BE no doubt of Israel's military triumph in the latest Lebanese fighting. But the greatest triumph still brings with it death and destruction, hatred and fanaticism. From the wreckage of war it takes skill and sensitivity to salvage political success. And whether that skill and sensitivity today exist in Israel, or in any of the Arab states, or in this country (whose power to do good or ill in the Middle East has once again been enhanced by an Israeli victory) remains very much in doubt.

The extent of the victory determines the political opportunities, and so I want to begin with that. Begin, but not end: for if victory makes for opportunity, it also makes for danger. Right now, one of the greatest dangers is that Israel's leaders will overreach, thinking that victory is all they need, and that as long as they can win there is nothing else they have to do.

The first Israeli victory is the defeat of the PLO. Though many PLO militants fought bravely, as a group they did not fight effectively or well. They constituted a militia, not an army, and now the militia is gone. With their new Soviet equipment, they were able to inflict great damage on the villages of Galilee—from a great distance. It was this success, and not the shooting of Ambassador Shlomo Argov in London, that created in Israel the consensus without which Defense Minister Ariel Sharon's war plan could never have been realized. It is possible to live side by side with a government armed as the PLO was armed only a few weeks ago—if there is mutual recognition and a commitment to peace. But it is not possible to live side by side with an armed irredentist and terrorist movement. Once again the PLO has proved to be an organization bent on suicide. It turned southern Lebanon into a base that it was ultimately unable to defend; it provoked an attack against which its members were helpless. Nor did any Arab state offer help; this time the verbal offers were half-hearted. In the end they fought alone. Their isolation has never been greater than it is today.

The second Israeli victory is the defeat of the Syrians. Assad's missiles were like the PLO's artillery, a threat that could not be made good. The Syrian Air Force is still no match for Israel, and on the ground, Syrian troops were saved more by American diplomacy (and Israeli good sense) than by their own efforts. Syria's attempt to dominate Lebanon has now definitely failed.

The third Israeli victory is the defeat of the Russians. Perhaps a lasting lesson of the recent fighting is that American technology is still better than Russian technology. The threat to turn to Moscow whenever Wash-

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ington says no has to be less persuasive now, and if that works to Israel's advantage, it works to America's advantage too. At the least, we can extract the political price before we supply modern weapons to states like Jordan or Saudi Arabia. It is also clear that Russian military advisers have not succeeded in improving the quality of the Syrian Army—any more than they succeeded with the Iraqi Army. Russian prestige and power are at a new low in the Middle East.

Coupled with the Iranian defeat of Iraq, the fighting in Lebanon has left Israel in its strongest military position since 1967. Stronger, perhaps, than in 1967 itself, because after the Six-Day War, Iraqi power was still intact and Israel still faced enemies, albeit defeated enemies, to the south as well as to the east and north. Today Iraq's army is in ruins and there is peace in the south. For the present, and for the foreseeable future, no Arab state and no combination of Arab states is capable of posing a realistic threat to Israel's security. If the three victories in Lebanon did not themselves create this new balance (or unbalance) of power, they serve to make it visible—and in that visibility there is added security for Israel.

ILLUSTRATION BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The costs of victory have been considerable. There is no euphoria in Israel today, and this probably has as much to do with the losses the Israeli Army has inflicted as with those it has endured. Although we don't yet know the number of civilian deaths, it is certain to be high, and the number of the homeless and destitute much higher. Of course, it wasn't Israel that turned Lebanon into an international battlefield. The PLO and the Syrians did that. Nor is this disaster comparable to that of 1975-1976, the months of the civil war and Syrian intervention when some fifty thousand people were killed. The toll this time probably won't reach a fifth of that. Nor have the Israelis inflicted on any Lebanese city the damage inflicted on their own city of Hama.

But we don't judge Israel by the conventions of Middle Eastern politics and war. We hold it to universal standards—a sign of respect. That is why it was good to read that the city of Tyre was captured, according to local Red Cross personnel, with virtually no loss of civilian life. Civilians were warned before the attacks and offered a refuge, even though this also meant warning the PLO. In other cities, too, there seems to have been some effort made to separate civilians from guerrillas and to give the civilians a chance to escape (although we know little at this point about the fighting in Sidon and Damur). At the same time, however, the Israelis have used their firepower freely against Palestinian camps and neighborhoods. Here, too, far more people fled than died, but they still come back, if they come back at all, to find their homes and shops leveled. A vast new refugee population has been created. Where are these people now? Surely Israel intends that they should return to their homes in southern Lebanon. But what plans have the occupation authorities made to care for them? Who will rebuild the camps and neighborhoods? These are disquieting questions, for they have as yet no answers.

Finally, the bombing and shelling of West Beirut is hard to explain, and will ultimately prove, I suspect, impossible to justify. The effort to find and destroy once and for all the PLO "infrastructure" or "command center" is an endless quest, for this is not a visible target or a locatable place. One can defeat the PLO's militia, seize its training camps, kill or capture its fighting members, destroy its Russian equipment: all this is possible, and, from an Israeli and also a Lebanese standpoint, eminently worthwhile. But there is no militarily practical or morally acceptable way to destroy the human network that constitutes the organization itself. Here war must give way to politics.

And sometimes, perhaps, politics can redeem the ravages of war. But this must be a politics of magnan-

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imity and accommodation. Israel's three victories make such a politics easier than it was before. In a roughly comparable way, Sadat's more dubious victory in 1973 gave him the strength for a diplomatic initiative four years later. Israel's triumph is greater and requires more immediate action. Having been militarily bold, its leaders must now be politically bold.

But not, I think, in Lebanon. Israel isn't able, any more than Syria was able, to remake the politics of that country. Lebanese Christians and Moslems have a new motive and a new opportunity for political reconstruction. But only they can reunite their country, or fail to reunite it, on their own. Conceivably the United States or France might help; they are sufficiently far away. Israel is too close, and too closely tied to one among Lebanon's many factions. It would be a good thing if a new Lebanon emerged from fighting and became the second Arab state to sign a peace treaty with Israel. But all Israel can insist upon as the price of its own withdrawal is that the Syrians be withdrawn at the same time, and that the PLO's state-within-a-state, together with its private army, be dismantled.

The place for Israeli boldness is the West Bank. The defeat of the PLO ought to unlock the Camp David peace process and open the way for Palestinian autonomy. In a certain sense, that is probably Begin's hope also: he may well see the Lebanese war as one more step toward the subjugation of the Palestinians and the creation of an autonomous but quisling regime. If that is the fruit of victory, it will prove a bitter fruit. A settlement of that sort won't bring a stable peace. It will only maintain the conditions of homelessness and powerlessness that breed Palestinian resistance.

Israel now holds the position of strength that politicians always take to be the ideal negotiating position. Let it, then, signal its readiness to negotiate a genuine autonomy. For a while, perhaps, we shall hear much talk about a new rejectionism among the Arabs. There will probably be an increase in terrorist attempts. But I can't believe that Palestinian leaders won't appear, on the West Bank if not in Lebanon, who will reflect on how different their present standing would be had they joined in the autonomy process and relied on their political and not their military strength. Or perhaps it will be the Jordanians who will emerge some months from now as the real beneficiaries of the decline of Syria and the PLO, and as the real protectors of the Palestinian people. The Jordanian option will have been revived by an Israeli government that rejected it, and we may once again find Israel debating the merits of a West Bank federated with Jordan. Before that, however, and even if there is right now no one but the Egyptians to talk to, the burden is on the Israelis to demonstrate that their war against the PLO is not a war against the Palestinians generally.

This must be Israel's program: defeat the PLO and negotiate with the Palestinians. But that won't be possible on the terms Begin has hitherto offered. Begin's terms have their roots in Israel's fears. It isn't his ideology but the years of war and the threats of destruction that now provide him with popular support. But for the moment, at least, and perhaps for many moments to come, Israel is secure. No one can threaten it. Is it too much to hope that its leaders, and if not its leaders its people, will seize the moment and offer a generous peace?

MICHAEL WALZER

The Battle of Lebanon: 2.

THE MAP AND THE LAND

WHAT PROMPTED the Israeli move into Lebanon? And what amelioration of the national predicament does Mr. Begin's government expect, or at least hope, to draw from the enterprise? During a stay in Israel a few weeks before the fighting, I had the chance to see Galilee and the Golan Heights. I found the tour more absorbing than I had expected.

Indeed, a visit to Israel is essential, it now seems to me, for an understanding of almost anything about the external relations of that country. Try as Israelis do to convince one by argument about the importance of "depth" to their national security, and pore as one may over maps of their territory, it is not until one has seen Mount Herman brooding over Haifa and the Golan over the plains of Galilee that one comprehends how tiny this country is. To an historian—and that is my trade—a visit unites what he knows of the march of bygone armies with what his eye shows him of the grain of the country, yielding an understanding of an eerie, almost four-dimensional quality.

The conclusion the historian is tempted to draw from a visit to Israel—at whatever damage to Zionist feelings—is that it matters not at all who inhabits the land between the Jordan, the sea, the Golan, and Sinai, because whoever they are, they are destined to live, as the Chinese phrase the curse, in interesting times. Geography is the curse of Israel as it was of the Crusading States and of any other local polity that sought to follow a destiny separate from that of its neighbors. Israel is a state, of course; but it is also a narrow and tenuous land bridge which leads between salt water and desert from Asia to Africa. Every geographical feature barring or impeding progress along its north-south axis bears traces of man's effort to improve on what nature provides. Around Mount Carmel, Hellenistic fortifications sit above Canaanite strongholds, only to be topped by Roman legionary camps, Saracen towers, and, perhaps, the ferroconcrete

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of a Mandate police station. And all along the coast, where Israel's short rivers join this sea, the great keeps of the Crusaders loom above the fords which lead from one patch of dry land to the next.

It is one such keep, Beaufort, on the first peak dominating southern Lebanon, that the Israelis made an early objective when they crossed the international boundary. The reason was obvious: anyone who seeks to exercise control over the valley of the River Litani must hold Beaufort. At first it seemed as if they might go no further. But succeeding days took them to the southern outskirts of Beirut, where the Israeli Air Force had been launching attacks on pinpoint targets —with greater or lesser accuracy—from the outset.

A PATTERN therefore became discernible, coinciding in part with the physical, in part with the recent political and military, geography of the region. The bloody give-and-take of Lebanese affairs since 1976 had left an Israeli-supported Christian force in control of the immediate frontier zone: "Haddadland." That has denied Palestinian guerrillas direct access to Israel's northern borderland. The U.N. zone immediately above Haddadland has imposed some sort of truce between the Christians, their Shia Moslem coinhabitants, and the Sunni Moslem Palestinians of the PLO. But long-range missiles, located in the Bekaa Valley, east of the upper Litani, have nonetheless kept the northern kibbutzim under threat since the missiles were installed by the PLO beginning three years ago. Territorially, Israel's aims look accordingly predictable: to seize a gulf of territory deep enough to keep the PLO at safe arm's length from Israel proper. Official Israeli sources confirm this judgment. Twenty-five miles is what they have said they want.

But the army—estimated at about 30 percent of the defense force's strength—is more than twenty-five miles inside Lebanon, and has fought major battles not only with the PLO militia but also with the Syrian "peacekeeping" force. Clearly one of its aims has been the destruction of PLO armories and headquarters in Beirut. The PLO claims more: that Israel intends to kill the PLO leadership and disperse its fighting men, in the hope that the organization will be broken for good. The aim of the campaign, PLO spokesmen allege, is to complete the effort begun by King Hussein in 1970, when he expelled the Palestinian fighters from Jordan. They say the campaign—now apparently terminated by the Syria-Israeli truce—has failed in its objectives.

But a deeper analysis, the force of which is half-admitted by the Israeli government, suggests that the aims were more complex. They were nothing less than the reconstitution of the Lebanon that existed before the disastrous civil war, when power was shared between Christians and Shiites, and their joint energies were devoted to the propagation of commerce. It was an enterprise in which the Palestinian Sunnis had no part, least of all when they let ideology or nationalism threaten the terms of trade. A new "old Lebanon" would not merely promise stability to Israel's north; it would also drive survivors of the PLO to take the road of exile again—perhaps into Syria, perhaps farther away, but in either case to destinations too remote to threaten Israel with terrorism again. As a by-blow, it could free Arab moderates on the West Bank from fear of assassination should they yield to Israeli blandishments, and so open the way to a solution of the "occupied territory" question also.

It is too early to say whether this project can be realized. Certainly anyone of Irish Catholic descent must doubt that a nationalism most deeply felt among a diaspora can be extinguished by tightening the screw of dispersion. The hatreds aroused by the Great Famine of 1845 deepen proportionately with the distance from England at which they are still nursed. But even if Israel is prepared to be hard-nosed about Palestinian feelings, the practical difficulties of fostering and sustaining an effective neutralism in a "new" Lebanon will remain. Geography drove the Crusaders to extend their belt of fortifications to greater and greater distances from the center of the Latin Kingdom at Jerusalem, because the Christian presence on the Middle East's land bridge was grit under the Islamic skin; the irritation it caused could be relieved only by incessant scratching. Unlike the Crusaders, the Israelis built an organic society, rooted in the land, with a life—and a will to live—of its own. But Israel, like the Latin Kingdom, is grit in the social and political geography of the modern Middle East, and, like the Crusaders, its soldiers seem destined to scratch back forever, for fear that ceasing to do so will give the game to the other side.

JOHN KEEGAN

The Battle of Lebanon: 3.

THE AERIAL ASSAULT

LAST WEEK the Israeli Air Force put on a brilliant display in the skies over Lebanon. It shot down scores of Soviet-built Syrian planes, losing only one of its own, and that to ground fire. At the same time, Israel destroyed virtually all of the Syrian SAM-6 missiles in Lebanon. All this provided an impressive demonstration of the vulnerability of Soviet battlefield air defense systems and of the effectiveness of the new generation of American fighter aircraft. It also demonstrated, yet again, that Israel's Air Force is the dominant military factor in the Middle East.

The successes of Israeli planes against Arab ground

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forces in the 1967 war and during the subsequent war of attrition led Israeli military planners to rely heavily on air power. Israeli aviators came to believe that their aircraft could do anything and that their air force could easily stop Arab ground attacks. As a result, they paid less attention to the role—and the needs—of the army. And this, in turn, was partially responsible for the reverses Israel suffered in the first part of the 1973 war. The strength and sophistication of Soviet-supplied air defense systems, particularly the massive use of surface-to-air missiles, enabled the Arabs to shoot down large numbers of Israeli planes.

The failures during the 1973 fighting prompted the Israeli Air Force to take another look at the role of aircraft in modern war. But the Israelis never lost faith in the importance of aircraft. Instead, they concluded that new equipment and new tactics were what was needed, and that there were certain battlefield jobs which aircraft could not do.

Today the Israeli Air Force plays different roles. These roles are: first, protecting Israeli airspace from air attacks; second, destroying surface-to-surface missile launchers based deep in unfriendly territory, such as Syria's Soviet-built Scuds and Frogs; third, aerial defense over the battlefield for Israeli ground forces; fourth, interdiction of enemy ground forces moving behind the battlefield; fifth, retaliation for terrorist raids by attacking PLO positions in Lebanon; sixth, in case of war, attacks on high-value economic targets, like power plants and oil refineries; and seventh, destruction of Arab air defenses. But Israel no longer uses its air force as "flying artillery" to provide close air support for its ground troops.

The Israelis were extraordinarily successful in their attacks on the Syrian SAM batteries in Lebanon. This came as a surprise to American defense analysts, who had predicted heavy losses if that were attempted. In the event it appears that the Israelis destroyed at least seventeen out of nineteen SAM-6 batteries at no loss to themselves. The ease with which the Syrian missile defenses were destroyed gives convincing proof that SAMs have not rendered the manned combat aircraft obsolete.

IT IS NOT YET clear just how the Israelis attacked the Syrian missile defenses, but certain guesses are possible. First, the effectiveness of the missile batteries was undermined through the use of sophisticated electronic countermeasures. ECM devices play electronic games with the air defense radars that locate hostile aircraft and guide the SAM missiles to their targets. ECM can jam and deceive these radars, but first a great deal must be known about the operation of each particular type of radar. The Israelis sent pilotless "drones" over the SAM batteries in Lebanon to draw fire (and radar emissions) from the missile batteries. In this way, Israel gathered extremely important information at low cost.

Second, the batteries were probably attacked with sophisticated air-launched "smart" weapons. Such weapons are highly accurate, and some can be launched from well beyond the reach of SAMs. Typical is the Israeli-built Luz-1, a fifty-mile-range missile developed specifically to attack SAM batteries. The Israelis also have at least six different types of American-built "smart" weapons, allowing them to tailor the weapon to the specific conditions.

Third, the Israelis have American missiles that home in on radar emanations. These weapons are quite effective, but can be countered in part by turning off the radar. What the Israelis reportedly did was modify the guidance systems of these missiles so that even if the target's radars are turned off, the missile will continue straight to the last source of radar pulses.

Fourth, the Israelis attacked command and control centers that tied the missile batteries to air search radars, acting as the "brain" of the air defense systems. Successful attacks on these centers can transform an integrated, mutually supporting air defense net into an uncoordinated collection of missile batteries, each fighting its private war.

The attacks on the SAM batteries forced the Syrian Air Force to send out interceptors against the attacking Israeli aircraft. The result was massive dogfights involving hundreds of planes. The Israelis relied chiefly on highly sophisticated F-15 and F-16 fighters supplied by the United States. The Syrians used Soviet MiG-21 and MiG-23 fighters. In the ensuing battles the Syrians are reported to have lost eighty planes, as against no Israeli losses.

THE ISRAELIS now have forty F-15s and seventy-five F-16s. These planes are late model supersonic fighters currently being procured for the United States Air Force. Both were originally designed to fight other aircraft, but the Israelis have found that the F-16 is also a potent ground attack plane. The Israelis used both planes during their attack on the Iraqi nuclear reactor, an episode which demonstrated the long range and great effectiveness of the planes. Both are armed with a new version of the Sidewinder air-to-air missile, the AIM-9L, which has an infrared guidance system so sensitive the missile can attack airplanes from any angle. Older versions of the Sidewinder had to be fired while aimed at the rear of an enemy plane so that the missiles could pick up the heat of the jet engines. Flying first-class planes armed with first-class weapons, the Israelis had a decided advantage over the Syrians, forced to fly poorer quality Soviet aircraft.

The impressive qualities of Israel's American-built aircraft should not be allowed to obscure the importance of Israel's superb pilots. They are the most thoroughly trained pilots in the world; selection is ruthless and continuous, and only the best are retained. Because Israel's pilots, weapons systems, and tactics are constantly subjected to the rigors of actual combat,

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indifferent pilots, faulty equipment, and misguided doctrines don't last. Ultimately, this ruthless search for excellence is the key to the successes of the Israeli Air Force.

Those successes come at an extremely high cost to Israel's already battered economy. To equip and operate a first-rate air force requires staggering investments in modern aircraft, weaponry, and electronics. But as the Israelis learned in 1973, the failure to spend such sums can have disastrous consequences. Without Israel's willingness to make the necessary economic sacrifices since 1973, even the skill and valor of her pilots would have availed her little in the battle of Lebanon.

W. Seth Carus And Stephen P. Glick

W. Seth Carus and Stephen P. Glick are Washington-based defense researchers.

'Up yours, Johnny Gaucho!'

Fleet Street's War

London

I NEVER THOUGHT to see in my lifetime, nor ever hope to see again, the sight of the British fleet sailing out of Portsmouth harbor to war, cheered on by their fellow countrymen and mine, waving Union Jacks and baying for blood from the ramparts of the ancient harbor castle. What made the sight particularly chilling was that we were seeing it, live, from the deck of the fleet's flagship, HMS Hermes. Television, radio, and the press were going to war, too, heading for what they hoped might prove as much their finest hour as that of our boys in khaki. It hasn't altogether worked out that way.

This biggest British news story in a quarter-century (since Suez) came at an apposite time for Fleet Street. The British press was passing through prolonged doldrums; morale was low; foul deeds were afoot at the *Times*, where Rupert Murdoch's abrogation of his promises to the government about that paper's editorial freedom (in return for permission to buy it without interference from the Monopolies Commission) had cast a shadow over the whole of Fleet Street. And some of the same post-Watergate malaise which in the U.S. had seen the *Washington Post* tripping over its own Pulitzer Prize-winning feet, and had produced such movies as *Absence of Malice* (ten years ago Paul Newman would have been the heroic reporter, not the maligned victim), had been happening here in Britain. Even the much-vaunted *Sunday Times* Insight team, once the byword for the very best brand of investigative journalism, had become a pale shadow of its former self, homing in on art scandals and another hardy perennial, corruption in the wine business, for the umpteenth successive year. When I was a raw recruit, everyone wanted to work for Insight; now the kids all want to be gossip columnists.

AGAINST THIS backdrop, the Falklands crisis suddenly had people reading newspapers again, and with an unusually critical eye. The *Guardian*, despite its anti-Thatcher line, has reached record circulation figures of 440,000, nearly 50,000 higher than during the same month last year. (This may give some indication of the ambivalence of the British public toward the Falklands war; by contrast, opposition to the government over Suez damaged the *Observer*'s circulation to such an extent that it has not fully recovered to this day.) Even the *Times*, despite a dramatic drop in editorial standards after Harold Evans's departure from its editorship, is running slightly ahead of its natural market at 314,000; and, more significantly, letters to its famous correspondence column, which normally average some 1,200 a week, have doubled since the fleet set sail.

What kind of material have the press and the broadcasters been able to offer their newly alert and swollen audience? After putting to sea in a blaze of glory, the hapless hacks aboard the task force discovered for the most part that perhaps it wasn't such a choice assignment after all. There followed several weeks of almost total silence from them, due partly to absurdly stringent censorship, but also to the fact that as the fleet steamed slowly south there was nothing much to say. Those who did manage to get messages back told us primarily about the squabbles among their peers: how the staunchly socialist correspondent of the *Sunday Times* aboard HMS Canberra whined and pleaded until he was transferred from a shared cabin among the rankers to officer's accommodation; how the liberal *Observer*'s man aboard the same vessel threw fits when told that a photograph of him performing small arms drill, weapon in hand, had somehow been wired to his paper.

After six weeks of moans and protests from the traveling press, the task force commander, Rear Admiral Sandy Woodward, finally had a sweet moment of revenge. As D-Day approached, he offered space aboard the first wave of landing craft to the most vociferous complainers; this quickly shut them up, and all but a handful of noble volunteers were redeployed around the growing fleet. Of those who did land with the British force, and were there to report the fall of Stanley and the Argentine surrender, the roll of honor should mention three who have reported with particular distinction: Robert Fox of BBC Radio, Michael Nicholson of Independent Television News, and Max

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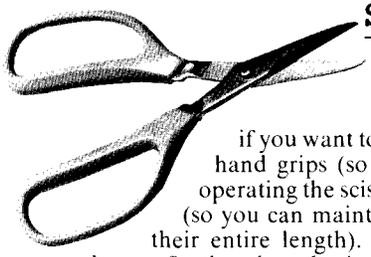
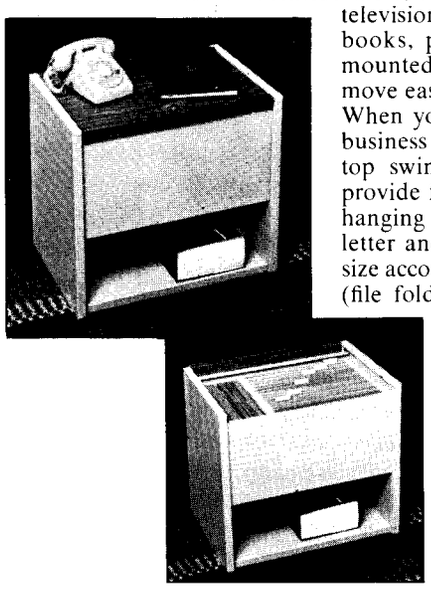
SENSIBLE SCISSORS



Most scissors are built backwards, with long blades and tiny handles. But if you want to exert leverage, you need large hand grips (so more of your hand goes into operating the scissor) and relatively short blades (so you can maintain full cutting pressure along their entire length). Finally a pair of scissors has come along reflecting these basic physical facts. The generously large flexible plastic handles accommodate most of your hand (4 fingers of a man's hand) and fit a right or lefthanded person equally well. The blades are made of high carbon tool steel (for sharpness and strength) and are chrome finished (for protection from staining). These scissor blades are so sharp that they bite right into whatever you are cutting. They are marketed primarily as gourmet kitchenware and they are superb in that role. The tapered points let you get into small places cutting chicken, fish, lobster shells, small bones and so forth. But these scissors are much too sensible and flexible to be confined to the kitchen. They are equally at home in the workshop, garden, office or hobby center where they cut rubber, plastic, cardboard, wire, flower stems, leather, cloth and other materials. We can supply these Joyce Chen scissors for **$13.00** ($1.95) #A411 a pair.

CHAIRSIDE FILE

Nearly every home is an office too these days. Partly because more people bring their work home, or do most of it there to begin with. But also because this is the age of paperwork and every family has its files of medical insurance claims, tax records, product warranties, Christmas card lists, children's old report cards and so on. But where do you keep all these papers? Here is the first home file cabinet that doesn't deserve to be hidden in a closet. When it is not actually being used for filing, it makes a handsome chairside or deskside table, sturdy enough to hold a television or a small library of books, portable enough (it is mounted on easy-roll casters) to move easily from room to room. When you need to get down to business the oak grain laminate top swings over and down to provide full access to a two-way hanging file—a combination of letter and legal size or all letter size according to your preference (file folders not included). The top locks. This home file that is also a piece of furniture measures 24″ x 15″ x 23½″ high. The home file cabinets cost **$120.00** ($9.95) each, and come in cream (#A467) or chocolate (#A453) color.



TRUTH ABOUT THERMOSES

Stores today are full of foam or plastic insulated thermoses because they are inexpensive and they survive hard use. But their performance is nowhere near as good as the old-fashioned vacuum bottle. A vacuum insulates better than any material can. In the case of the Uno-Vac thermos, this means keeping the contents piping hot or chillingly cool for a full 8 hours or more. Best of all, there is no glass to break. This vacuum bottle is made of stainless steel, so it is virtually unbreakable. A dual-choice to provide either a bottle neck for beverages or a widemouth jar for soups, stews and ice cubes. The drinking cup is insulated. A comfortable handle makes carrying easy. These 1 quart thermoses cost **$45.00** ($2.95) #A479.

WATERING WHIZ

Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? There *is* an easier way: with an indoor garden hose you can water them all in a single trip. Think of the steps waiting to be saved! This 50′ (that is a *lot* of reach) vinyl hose readily attaches to any household faucet. From there you just take the water where you want it—an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. This indoor hose comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage and wash away the dust accumulation that impairs a plant's health as well as its beauty. The complete indoor garden hose kit costs just **$11.00** ($1.95) #A341.

NATURAL CLEANING KIT

When doing any job it's always a pleasure to work with the finest tools available. The job is easier, the results are better. With this in mind we set out to put together the highest quality cleaning kit on the market. The lambswool duster, ocean sponge and chamois cloth are our overwhelming favorites. On its own the 20″ long duster actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Another natural cleaning tool is the ocean sponge. Unlike synthetic varieties this sponge displays a superior absorbency due to an intricate system of internal canals. It readily absorbs and retains moisture making it ideal for washing, picking up spills or applying cleaning materials. For more delicate jobs you'll want the incredibly soft, supple and highly absorbent chamois cloth. It is a special oil-tanned, suede-finished leather prepared from various skins. It's gentle enough to use on eyeglasses but still rugged enough to use on your car. We can send you this fine three piece cleaning kit including duster, ocean sponge and chamois cloth for just **$17.00** ($2.95) #A546.

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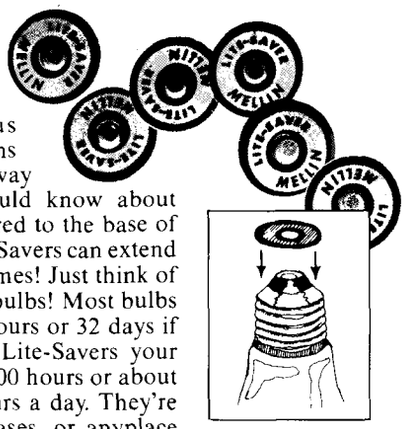
LITE-SAVERS

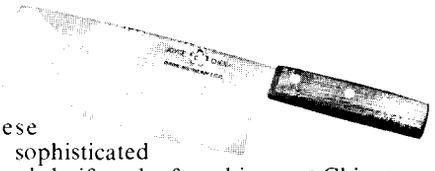


If you're tired of climbing ladders and getting into precarious (often dangerous) positions to change an out of the way light bulb then you should know about Mellin Lite-Savers. Adhered to the base of any *one way* bulb the Lite-Savers can extend bulb life from 50 to 100 times! Just think of the money saved in light bulbs! Most bulbs have a rated life of 750 hours or 32 days if used continuously. With Lite-Savers your bulbs will burn up to 75,000 hours or about eight years if used 24 hours a day. They're ideal for hallways, staircases, or anyplace where replacing light bulbs is a time consuming nuisance. You'll notice that Lite-Savers reduce light output so you may want to increase bulb wattage. They're safe, dependable and install quickly and easily with any one way bulb. The manufacturer offers a limited eight year warranty. A package of six Mellin Lite-Savers is **$16.00** ($1.95) #A324.

THE WORLD'S BEST ICE CREAM

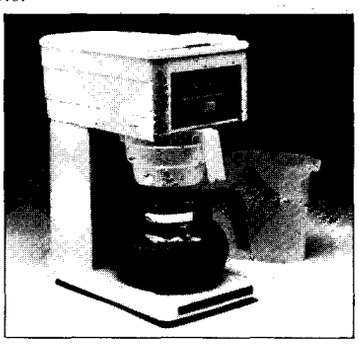
What kind is that? The kind you make yourself—if you go about it the right way. But is homemade *really* better? You bet! For at least 4 reasons: (1) homemade uses only natural ingredients, so you can forget the stabilizers, neutralizers, preservatives and artificial flavors and colors that go into commercial brands; (2) homemade has a smoother velvet-like texture because it is made in small batches; (3) homemade has infinitely more flavors than any commercial outfit; (4) homemade is richer because there is less air beaten into it. The White Mountain people in Massachusetts have been making ice cream freezers for over a century. They offer their top-of-the-line model, a 4-qt. capacity freezer, in two versions. One is electrically powered and does all the tough work for you. It sells for **$130.00** ($9.95) #A571. The other is hand cranked and lets you supply the power. It costs **$79.00** ($6.95) #A570. The maple-stained white pine tub provides excellent insulating qualities. The tall profile cream can chills the mixture quickly and evenly, giving smoother, creamier ice cream. Everything is heavily tin-plated for flavor and rust protection. The dasher has two elements, so the overall operation gives three motions to the mixing process. The fractional horsepower motor on the electrically powered model has enough torque to finish ice cream to a hard consistency, so you can eat it right away (usually you have to refreeze the ice cream before it is ready to eat).

ALL-IN-ONE KNIFE



First off, this is *not* a cleaver. It's a Chinese knife—an implement so sophisticated and versatile that it is the *only* knife to be found in most Chinese kitchens. The knife's weight actually does the cutting for you, all you need to do is guide its action. It is the ideal tool for slicing, shredding, mincing or chopping and is so well balanced that it can be wielded in a variety of ways (an illustrated folder shows how) with surprisingly little effort. And the blade is for more than just cutting. The squared-off front edge makes a fine scraper; the thick back of the blade can be used to tenderize meat; the side will crush garlic or ginger. The broad flat shape of the blade encourages its use as a spatula, making it super easy to transfer what you have cut to pot or pan. We are offering an improved version of the traditional Chinese knife made to the exacting specifications of Joyce Chen. The knife blade is made of chrome molybdenum steel, which gives you a long-lasting sharp edge that will not stain or rust; the non-slip hardwood handle is riveted to a full tang. This knife costs **$25.00** ($2.95) #A410.

COFFEE SERVICE PAR EXCELLENCE



The best cup of coffee we've tasted comes from the Bunn-O-Matic Corporation. They manufacture the vast majority of commercial coffee brewers so it's no wonder that we found their home model outstanding in design, performance and economy of operation. The Bunn home model is constructed in essentially the same way as the commercial models with stainless steel and copper interiors (cheaper brewers use plastic and aluminum). The Bunn unit utilizes three different heaters: an 800-watt heater, which comes on for about 10 minutes whenever fresh water is added to the system; a 34-w heater, which stays on continuously and keeps the water inside the unit at 200°; and a 65-w warmer, which is switch-controlled and used to keep brewed coffee warm. The convenience and the quality of the coffee are the day-to-day pleasures of the Bunn Brewer. It is marvelous to have 8 cups of freshly brewed coffee ready in less than three minutes. As for the taste, you'll have to see for yourself—but the next time you are in a restaurant where you especially like the coffee, look to see if it wasn't brewed on a Bunn. The basic Bunn brewer, Model GR, comes in almond-colored, nonstainable plastic and costs **$69.95** ($7.95) #A370. Bunn also offers a deluxe model in all stainless steel. This Model LX,—the only one of its kind on the market—costs a respectable **$189.95** ($8.95) #A371. The manufacturer provides a limited one-year warranty on both models.

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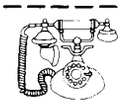

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Hastings of the Express newspaper group (although his best stuff, curiously, has been appearing in the *Spectator*).

Back home, the newspaper war has produced some ugly skirmishes. Witness a recent cartoon in *Private Eye*, the indispensable satirical fortnightly: a man is reading a front-page headline in the *Sun* which screams, WAR DECLARED. "With Argentina?" asks his companion. "No," replies the *Sun* reader, "with the *Mirror*." Mr. Murdoch's *Sun*, the biggest-selling paper in the country, has specialized in such "magnanimity in victory" headlines as STICK IT UP YOUR JUNTA. Not very Churchillian. Mr. Murdoch's editor even got his man among the task force to write, "Up yours, Johnny Gaucho, from readers of the soaraway *Sun*," on one of the first Sea Hawk missiles to be fired at Argentine aircraft. Just as well, therefore, that a recent academic survey showed that two-thirds of *Sun* readers could not define the paper's politics. The survey was undertaken during the last British general election campaign, which Mr. Murdoch thinks he won for Mrs. Thatcher. One-third of *Sun* readers apparently thought it a Labour paper; another third thought it Liberal or didn't know. The survey doesn't, alas, say how many *Sun* readers can read.

THE TONE of the *Times*'s coverage, if more dignified, has been similarly jingoistic, taking as its sounding-board a rambling, gung-ho leading article entitled WE ARE ALL FALKLANDERS NOW. There has been little support in that quarter for those who fear Mrs. Thatcher never really wanted the U.S. or U.N. attempts at negotiation to succeed. Really distinguished commentaries, by contrast, have come from Peter Jenkins in the *Guardian* and Hugo Young in the *Sunday Times*, both questioning from very different points of view the quantities of blood being shed, British and Argentine, in pursuit of ambiguous goals at best.

You will no doubt have heard that the BBC, in its commendable quest for objective editorial accuracy, has earned the fearsome wrath of Mrs. Thatcher (not to mention that of the *Sun*). The dispute stemmed initially from some hamfisted attempts at disinformation by the Ministry of Defense. In the week of the invasion, for instance, we were told that the nuclear submarine HMS Superb was steaming toward the South Atlantic; ten days later, it was learned she had never left dry dock in Glasgow. All MoD information has since been treated with some skepticism; and there will certainly be more distortions and untruths revealed in the coming weeks. Secondly, all information from reporters with the task force was being heavily censored at sea, then re-censored back in Whitehall, with the result that it was telling us little more than that battleships were grayish and could sink when struck by Exocet missiles. In the absence of any film from its team on the spot, who can blame the BBC for using (and clearly identifying) what Argentine film was available of the progress of events? Yet this in itself was labeled somehow unpatriotic. A great many people wrote letters to the *Times*; and Robert Kee, anchorman of the BBC magazine show "Panorama," was fired for so doing. His offense was to dissociate himself from a program he had anchored, *after* he had anchored it. It had contained such subversive material as a plea from the Labour Party that the U.N. route be pursued with more vigor before more blood was shed. Treason.

BRITISH OFFICERS in the field, predictably enough, seem to share the belligerent indignation of Mrs. Thatcher's Tory backbenchers. For instance, Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Jones, the commanding officer of a parachute regiment who was killed leading his men in a valiant attack on an Argentine gun emplacement, has been posthumously reported as having wished to sue the BBC for "collective manslaughter." His charge—and that, apparently, of many troops in the thick of the action—was that the lives of his men were being endangered by news of their movements on the BBC World Service. What he did not know—understandably, since little news from Britain was getting through to the troops in the Falklands—is that the BBC was merely reporting remarks made to a meeting of Tory back-benchers by Defense Secretary John Nott, to the effect that there would be "big news very soon."

There was an air of paranoia about all this charge and countercharge, reflecting uncertainty on all sides about the morality of what had been going on in the war zone. If General Galtieri didn't know that Mrs. Thatcher intended to pursue her military goals all the way to Port Stanley, if we are seriously meant to believe that he gleaned such intelligence by listening to the BBC World Service, then we are up against an even more obtuse foe than I had realized. Despite heavy-handed Whitehall control, the level of information and debate in the press and on the airwaves has been consistently higher than that in the House of Commons, and cannot remotely be convicted of having given comfort or vital information to the enemy. The press has learned a great deal about itself and its relations with government and people from the Falklands affair; it may as a result look, now that the killing appears to be over, to a perhaps less tremulous future. All we now ask of General Galtieri, before he quits the scene, is that he return our colleagues Simon Winchester, Ian Mather, and Tony Prime, now entering their third month of imprisonment in Ushuaia, to share that future with us.

ANTHONY HOLDEN

Anthony Holden, Washington correspondent of the *Observer* from 1979 to 1981, recently resigned his position as assistant editor of the *Times*.

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WHITE HOUSE WATCH

SPEECH, SPEECH! AUTHOR, AUTHOR!

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

"IF THERE WERE medals for speechwriters, one would be due for presentation now," declared a commentator on West German television following President Reagan's June 9 address to the Bundestag, which the commentator said "will be quoted from often and by all sides for a long time to come." Actually, several medals deserve to be handed out to Reagan's speechwriters in connection with the President's European trip, not least because the writers' efforts made up for the errors of other members of Reagan's entourage. Diplomats like Alexander Haig and Jeane Kirkpatrick got their signals crossed during the visit and embarrassed the President over the U.N. vote on the Falklands. White House schedulers under deputy chief of staff Michael Deaver overbooked and overworked the President, leading to his televised yawn in the presence of the Pope. Security men overprotected him, eliminating any direct contact with the press or the European public. Back home, a Pentagon troublemaker leaked word that the U.S. is developing contingency plans for "prolonged nuclear war" just at the time when Reagan was emphasizing deterrence of all wars. And even America's ally, Israel, contrived to steal public attention from the President and his fellow economic and NATO conferees by choosing summit week in Europe to invade Lebanon.

Reagan's speechwriters also made up for an absence of major substantive accomplishment at either summit. The Versailles economic meeting produced paper agreements to resist rising protectionism and to limit trade with the Soviet bloc, but fundamentally the differences remain unresolved. The NATO summit in Bonn merely reaffirmed the West's intention to pursue a dual path of defense modernization and negotiation with the Soviets. This has been NATO policy ever since 1967, when the alliance adopted the strategic recommendations of a panel headed by then-Belgian Foreign Minister Pierre Harmel. The alliance has added arms control as a specific new element of the Harmel approach. But the two new initiatives Reagan outlined in Europe—a short-cut solution to the bogged-down MBFR (conventional force reduction) talks in Vienna and his "Berlin initiative" to improve the Moscow-Washington hotline and undertake other "confidence-building measures" with the Soviets—basically only rounded out the U.S. arms control agenda, whose major items are Reagan's "zero option" offer on theater nuclear forces in Europe and deep cuts in strategic weaponry in the START talks. Given the differences and doubts that have plagued the alliance, and especially given the economic hard times afflicting many of the allies, the two summits can be considered successes for having reached consensus, but they certainly were dull.

What added dazzle to the Reagan trip was the President's speechmaking at the Parliament in London and the Bundestag in Bonn. Both speeches were rhetorically powerful—rich and sensitive, defiant but also reassuring. The speeches were so good that their effect was more than just rhetorical or emotional; it was substantive as well. In London, Reagan sought to rally the West in defense of democracy and to suggest an imaginative new effort (modeled on European and Soviet techniques) to "foster the infrastructure of democracy" around the world. In Bonn, he sought to erase his image (largely self-created, to be sure) as a nuclear cowboy or an anti-Soviet monomaniac and to impress uneasy West Germans that he is a moderate who understands Europe's fear of military destruction. Speeches inherently are more p.r. than they are policy, but great speeches can cross the line and transform reality. Reagan's two speeches obviously were not Churchillian (and he got more help in writing them than Churchill ever needed) but their quality was very high indeed.

If medals *were* given for speechwriting, one surely should go to Mark Palmer, forty-year-old deputy to Under Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger. White House and State Department officials credit Palmer with conceiving the core idea behind Reagan's London speech and with providing much of the political intelligence behind the Bundestag address. President Reagan reportedly viewed the Parliament speech as the high point of his trip, and work on it began weeks before he left for Europe. Palmer, a Soviet specialist, has long argued that the U.S. ought to have an equivalent of the international department of the Soviet Communist Party Central Committee or the education foundations of the major West German political parties, which take overt action to affect the domestic politics of other countries in the world. The Soviet party openly aids its sister parties, leaving it to the KGB to infiltrate other institutions covertly. The German Social Democrats and Christian Democrats can be cred-

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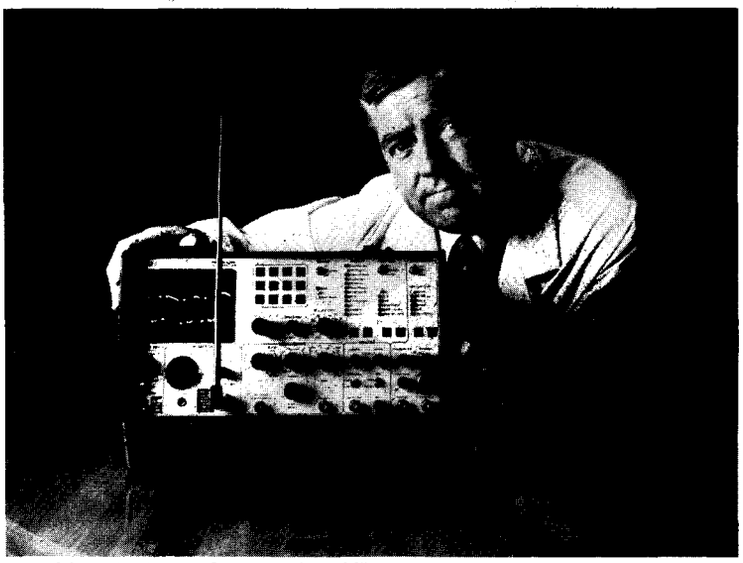

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As participants in management, Motorola people know that better tools produce better quality, higher productivity, increased demand in the marketplace. And that helps reduce costs, preserve jobs, and make the company's products more competitive.

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ited with having saved democracy in Portugal and helped it in Spain. Heavily funded by the government, the German foundations maintain contact with trade unions, newspapers, embattled democrats, and some national liberation movements in the third world, making friends and gathering information in a way that German embassies can't. The AFL-CIO occasionally performs similar services for the U.S., but the U.S. traditionally has considered interference in foreign countries to be dirty business, and has left it to the CIA, which only operates covertly.

WITH SUPPORT from Haig, Palmer's idea for open, private U.S. efforts on behalf of democracy went to the White House. It was referred for review to the National Security Council staff, which at first recommended that it be vetoed. White House staff members (and reportedly President Reagan himself) liked the suggestion, however, and it was sent back to the NSC for "massaging" by Dennis Blair, a Navy commander who graduated first in his class at Annapolis and then was a Rhodes scholar. NSC staff members who at first frowned on the idea, including Harvard University superhawk Richard Pipes, changed their minds once they understood it.

Even though the Palmer-Blair idea was in favor, the language of their speech draft was described by White House aides as "bland officialese" and as "Wilsonian Pollyanna stuff." The draft was shown to at least two outside "consultants," including columnist George Will, who produced a short draft of his own that was described as "pessimistic" and "Kissingerian." Some of Will's material made it into Reagan's final speech, including his interpretation of Gladstone's defense of the Reform Bill of 1866—"You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side." Reagan retained Will's gloomy line that "it was easier to believe in the march of democracy in Gladstone's day—in that high noon of Victorian optimism" than in this "bloody century." But another medalist speechwriter—White House aides swear it was Reagan himself—added the line which conveys the overriding sense of the speech: "Yet optimism is in order, because day by day democracy is proving itself to be a not-at-all fragile flower." When I asked Will how he squares his role as a journalist with that of White House speech consultant, he said: "I put my thoughts in front of him (the President) five times every two weeks, the printed word. If he calls, or one of his friends calls and says, 'Would you look at this and tell us what you think of it and give us a hand?' I say yes, I'd do it for anyone."

Another prime medal winner for the London speech is thirty-three-year-old Tony Dolan, who won a Pulitzer Prize as an investigative reporter for the Stamford, Connecticut, *Advocate* and now is chief White House speechwriter. Dolan, by now a close student of Reagan's favorite themes, crafted the London speech's attacks on the Soviet Union and on statism in general, its reaffirmation of the danger of nuclear weapons, and its offer to engage the Soviets in peaceful competition. It was Dolan who wrote: "What, then, is our course? Must civilization perish in a hail of fiery atoms? Must freedom wither in a quiet, deadening accommodation with totalitarian evil?" The answer Reagan delivered was, "Well, this is precisely our mission today: to preserve freedom as well as peace. It may not be easy to see, but I believe we live now at a turning point." The speech went on to develop Richard Pipes's point that the Soviet system is in "revolutionary crisis" because its politics conflict with its economic development and, therefore, "it is the Soviet Union that runs against the tide of history."

President Reagan, meanwhile, wanted to support his dear friend Margaret Thatcher and to buck up the British in the Falklands war, so he personally added lines that won the loudest British applause: "In the South Atlantic, young men are fighting for Britain. . . . Those young men aren't fighting for mere real estate. They fight for a cause. . . . "

BESIDES PALMER, Dolan, and the President, a speechwriting award for London also ought to go to thirty-eight-year-old Aram Bakshian, whose post as director of the six-person White House speechwriting office puts him in supervision of (and also considerable tension with) chief speechwriter Dolan. Bakshian went to Europe as an official member of the Reagan party and continued working on drafts of the Parliament speech in Versailles, Rome, and London. Dolan, following urgent pleas, was allowed to fly to London to hear the speech delivered, but had no hand in the last-minute polishing. With contributions from State, the National Security Council, White House aides, and the President, the speech was too long, and some of Dolan's favorite quotes and anecdotes were taken out, including one from Hillaire Belloc, whose anti-Semitism made him inappropriate for quoting, and an assertion (which couldn't be proved) that the Soviet system is so inefficient that there is a hospital in Moscow whose upper-floor cardiac unit has no elevator. Reagan reportedly spent a total of six hours working on the London speech, editing it practically up to the moment of delivery.

The speech was far from perfect. When Reagan attacked collectivism and statism at one point, it was hard to tell whether he was referring to Soviet Communism, European social democracy, or even U.S. liberalism. Palmer's good idea for assistance to democrats almost got lost in hyped rhetoric about "a global campaign for freedom" and "a crusade for freedom" that would leave the Soviets "on the ash heap of history." Reagan never acknowledged that sometimes the U.S. and its allies commit antidemocratic excesses. And he unfairly accused the press of ignoring El Salvador since its elections.

And yet Reagan delivered a stirring, uplifting, and

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optimistic address. "Around the world today, the democratic revolution is gathering strength," he said, referring to Poland, Africa, and Latin America. "Democracy is not a fragile flower. Still, it needs cultivating. If the rest of this century is to witness the gradual growth of freedom and democratic ideals, we must take actions to assist the campaign for democracy." From the Soviets, he said, "we ask only that these systems begin by living up to their own constitutions, abiding by their own laws and complying with the international obligations they have undertaken. We ask only for a process, a direction, a basic code of decency, not for an instant transformation. . . ."

IF LONDON was intended to be a rallying speech, Bonn was to be a reassuring one. Again, medals go to Palmer and other State Department Europeanists for understanding what the Germans needed to hear—that Reagan is dedicated to arms reduction as well as to increased defense preparation, that the U.S. remains as committed to European security as to its own, that the U.S. appreciates German contributions to Western defense, and that it is the Soviet Union, not the U.S., which presents the gravest danger to European peace. On each of these points, there has been considerable doubt in Germany, much of it engendered by Reagan's 1980 campaign rhetoric and early policy pronouncements.

Reagan spent less time on the Bundestag speech than on the Westminster address, but the former actually was more important—and the results were even better. He was interrupted fifteen times by applause—albeit more loudly from the opposition conservative side of the chamber than from the ruling Social Democrats—and he received virtually unanimous rave reviews from the German press. Medals for crafting and polishing the State Department's draft this time go to Bakshian, a scholar of European cultural affairs, and to Landon Parvin, a thirty-three-year-old former Hill and Knowlton p.r. man who was having his first crack at a major speech after drafting remarks for Nancy Reagan.

It was Parvin, apparently, who wrote the most memorable lines of the speech: "We are with you, Germany. You are not alone." Reagan made the point again by saying, "Let me assure you that the American commitment to Europe remains steady and strong. Europe's shores are our shores. Europe's borders are our borders. And we will stand with you in defense of our heritage of liberty and dignity." Reagan's next most important point was to declare himself dedicated to peace, inasmuch as a quarter of a million young people were to demonstrate across the Rhine the day following his speech. Reagan said, "The nuclear threat is a terrible beast. Perhaps the banner carried in one of the nuclear demonstrations here in Germany said it best. The sign read, 'I am afraid.' I know of no Western leader who doesn't sympathize with that earnest plea. To those who march for peace, my heart is with you." He went on to say that if he thought marching alone would bring peace, he too would march. Instead, he said, "we must deter war of any kind," and to do so the West must maintain its defense preparations. The speech also reiterated Reagan's contention that it is necessary to threaten a Western force build-up to create incentives for the Soviets to agree to arms reductions.

If there was a fault in this Reagan address, it was in his failure to mention "detente" or *Entspannung* (reduction of tensions), which is a valued concept in Germany. Apparently Reagan was interrogated about this gap behind closed doors at the NATO summit meeting by Chancellor Schmidt. Reagan delivered an answer which, according to a senior Administration official, represented "his own candid, personal views." According to this official, "Obviously, on a trip like this, where a President has to speak as often as he does, many of the statements are kind of machine-processed. This was the real Ronald Reagan."

What Reagan said privately to his fellow summiteers was that he was not opposed to genuine detente, but to the detente of the 1970s, which he termed a one-way street. He spoke of pledges made and broken by the Soviets in Eastern Europe and Soviet brutalities in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. Reagan denied, though, that he favors a return to the cold war or that he wants to wage economic warfare against the Soviets. Rather, he was reported as saying that the West has an opportunity at a very critical stage in East-West relations. With the Soviet economy in far worse shape than the West's, the allies should work together not to challenge or coerce the Soviets, but "in a quiet way" to inform the Soviet Union that cooperation is available. The West will help Russia, Reagan said, to expand its economy and provide a higher standard of living for people provided that it shows "in deeds, not words" that it is prepared to act as "a responsible member of the international community."

REAGAN ENDED his impromptu NATO statement, said the senior official, by saying that he was worried about a continuation of the status quo. If the East and West remain as two armed camps for another generation or two generations, the possibility of war will grow. We have to do away with these armed camps, he is reported to have said, and he looked forward to the possibility that some day the Soviet Union itself could be represented around the table at which the other officials were sitting and would not focus on East-West security questions, but on North-South issues and particularly aid to the developing world.

Reagan aides insist that this address was delivered without the assistance of any speechwriters and represents the true Ronald Reagan. If so, it represents a new Ronald Reagan. One can only hope he will make this speech in public and win himself another medal.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Gospel According to St. Steven

Fervently, skillfully, seductively, Steven Spielberg evangelizes on. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (TNR, December 10, 1977) seemed to me "not so much a film as an event in the history of faith," and that faith, I thought, was less

E.T., The Extra-Terrestrial
(Universal)

in beings Out There than in the film medium's ability to convince. Technology, at the behest of the culture that created it, had been called on to satisfy the culture's deeper needs, to soothe its fears. If you discount the revised version of *Close Encounters*, which I hope has been withdrawn, then Spielberg's next work in this line is *E.T., The Extra-Terrestrial*, which too manifests the thaumaturgy of film, but on a quite different scale and with quite different colors.

In a sense *E.T.* begins where *Close Encounters* ends: we're not awaiting Their arrival, They are here. A spaceship from Somewhere has landed in a California forest at night, and one of the extraterrestrials has left the ship to explore. Suddenly men burst into the forest, searching for the ship. (Through most of the picture these men are photographed from the chest down; the emphasis is on their heavy belts with keys and guns. Or they are photographed from the back. They are made impersonal forces.) The spaceship takes off hurriedly, leaving the one adventurous E.T. stranded. He—we are told later that the creature is a "boy"—is vaguely human in appearance, with eyes and arms and elongated hands and fingers, with very short legs, an enormous head, and an extensible neck. His skin is a sort of greenish hide. His chest glows when he is frightened; his fingertips glow when he is exercising his special powers. From the start he is shown to be very far from a threat or a monster: he is vulnerable, unaggressive, and frightened.

The E.T. is discovered by a boy of about ten who lives in a town nearby, a boy of the same height as the creature. He befriends the E.T. and hides him in the closet of his room in the comfy new house where he lives with his older brother and younger sister and their mother. (The father of the family has decamped with another woman.) All three children keep the secret as long as possible from their mother, as if they had taken in a stray animal whose presence she might dislike. The children know very well that this creature is an E.T. They are fascinated and friendly; the E.T. responds with at least equal affection, and he demonstrates the quickness of his mind by picking up words of their language.

All the while that this warmth grows between him and the family—eventually the mother discovers him, too—the U.S. government is tracking him down with electronic devices. The E.T., fond though he is of his new friends, is homesick; the ten-year-old scrapes together some materials for him, including a computer game that's in the house, and the keen-minded E.T. fashions a device to send signals to his compatriots Out There. The climax of the picture is a contest between officialdom's fight to capture the E.T., in the course of which they nearly kill him, and the family's fight to let him return. Which, after a chase whose banality is leavened with neat fantasy, he does.

One old plague plagued me again. This California family is hip to everything in pop culture, so I couldn't help wondering why they hadn't seen *Close Encounters*, why they never referred to it in their dealings with the E.T. The modern characters in film, no matter how detailed their lives are in other minutiae, are usually shorn of the film knowledge they would otherwise have, if that knowledge would give them a consciousness damaging to the film they are in.

A basic difference between *Close Encounters* and *E.T.* is that the former is epic—certainly in its forty-minute conclusion as well as in its global events—and the new one is domestic, enclosed in one town, almost in one home. The tone of the first film is heroic, of the new one, intimate and cozy. But we can now see some constants, so far, in the Spielberg space credo.

1) Children are our best communicators with Them. Children are open, unafraid, curious. The very small boy in *Close Encounters* goes willingly with the visitors. The somewhat older boy here, who is really the protagonist, has the same openness, with some added intelligence and some sense of the dignity of any living being.

2) The boy's mother is alone. For whatever reason, her husband doesn't live in the house. This removes a too-authoritative male presence from the design and keeps the household sex-free. The mother in *E.T.* certainly misses her husband and the children refer to him feelingly, but his presence would add a jarring note of dominance. And the relations with Them in Spielberg films have no sexual suggestion on either side. Sex, of any kind, is no part of the promise Out There.

3) The extraterrestrials make their contacts in the U.S. They may cause ructions elsewhere, as in *Close Encounters*, but when they communicate, it's in Wyoming or California, not Swaziland or

FILMS WORTH SEEING

La Femme Enfant. Raphaële Billetdoux's first film, full of reticent feeling. Innocent love between a fourteen-year-old girl (Penelope Palmer) and a mute laborer (excellently played by Klaus Kinski).

Gregory's Girl. Scottish high-school romance and tribulations. Maladroitly made but delightfully acted and written.

Marianne and Juliane. A personal-political poem based on a true story of two German sisters in the 1970s. The author-director, Margarethe von Trotta, continues to grow in art.

Victor/Victoria. Fun. Paris, 1934. Julie Andrews plays a girl who poses as a man who poses as a girl singer in order to get a job. Fun.

SK

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Burma. Certainly not the U.S.S.R.
4) The American stratum with which they are juxtaposed is gadgety middle-class—TV, computer games, kitchen appliances, kids' closets overflowing with toys, refrigerators jammed with supermarket stuff. The extraterrestrials don't come in contact with sharecroppers' cabins or millionaires' mansions or the Institute for Advanced Study. Achievement in intergalactic exploration is contrasted with achievement in household doodads.
5) Adults are profession-hardened—allowing for exceptions like Truffaut in the first film and one doctor here—to the point of obtuseness and inhumanity. This is the Mark Twain-Salinger syndrome carried into sci-fi.
6) Hope for communication between our planet and other places—thus, by extension, hope for continuance and maturing of the human race—lies more in feeling (the openness of the child) than in intellect (the grim efficiencies of the adult). The visitors from Out There are assumed to have higher intelligence, if only because they got here and we didn't get There; but we are happy to be their inferiors. In a way, it's a relief to relegate adulthood to them, to keep ourselves children, free for fuller feeling.
7) All of this is made apprehensible, credible, by film. None of it would be so powerfully *presentable* without film. Finally, that fact seems more important than what is presented. Film does not facilitate the god from the machine: it's the machine as god.

I once read a short story—by Ben Hecht, I think—in which Jesus looks down on Hollywood from on high and sees that a film is being made about him. For whatever reason, Jesus secretly takes the place of the actor portraying him and brings off the miracles without the help of special-effects men. The only way that Spielberg's religious films (as I'd call them) could move from centering on worship of film to centering on the film's subject would be if the equivalent happened here—if, for instance, an actual E.T. had substituted for the ingenious puppet that represents him. But if that had happened, we'd probably have had word of it by now. So the weight remains with Spielberg's faith in film—and the film's reciprocity.

And an appealing film this new one is, with some charm, some glee in the childrens' triumphs, some share in their friendship with the E.T. There are few of the great surges of *Close Encounters*, but with the cleverness of the E.T. creation designed by Carlo Rambaldi (who did the creatures in *Close Encounters*), the swooping music of John Williams (who did the *Close Encounters* score), and the serviceable dialogue by Melissa Mathison, Spielberg makes the picture hold and grow. And, of course, with the authentic feeling he gets from the three youngsters, Henry Thomas, the ten-year-old, Robert Macnaughton, his older brother, and Drew Barrymore (sweet granddaughter of the illustrious John), their little sister.

At the last parting between the ten-year-old and the E.T., with the spaceship waiting, they are both in tears. The E.T. puts his finger next to the boy's temple—the fingertip glows—and says, "I'll be right here." Then he boards the ship, which blasts off and streaks across the sky, leaving—even though it is night—a rainbow.

Well, maybe some day, over *that* rainbow. . . .

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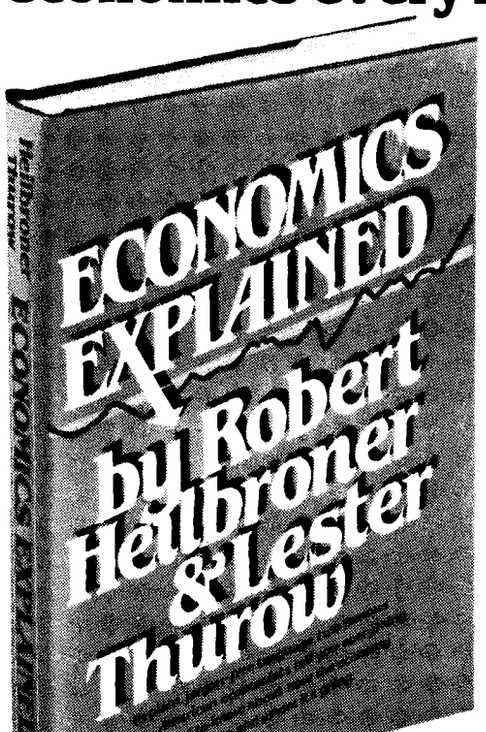

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The innovator as traditionalist.

Stravinsky At 100

By Leon Botstein

"STRAVINSKY is the only living composer who makes one feel like a dud," wrote Ezra Pound in 1937. "[His] music makes me as a workman in a different art want to go back to my own métier, overhaul my technique, and be ready to do a better job next time." Stravinsky, who was born one hundred years ago on June 17, would have been pleased by the poet's praise. Throughout his life, Pushkin was a favorite, and Dylan Thomas, T. S. Eliot, and W. H. Auden inspired the composer in his final period, helping him to master the idiosyncratic language of his third home, America. Stravinsky loved words, but primarily for their musical, "purely phonetic," quality. He was born, however, into an age seduced by Wagnerian aesthetics, antithetical to his own "poetics of music," as he made clear in his 1939-1940 Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard. The Wagnerian leitmotiv—the use of musical materials to represent, augment, and transmit meanings and feelings—went entirely against Stravinsky's art. Musical Romanticism, in its turn-of-the-century German form, appeared to aim at expressing things nonmusical, and its unremitting lushness of sound was unjustified by either structure or melodic and rhythmic invention. From the start of his career, Stravinsky argued that the decay of melody in the late nineteenth century was "congealing" the language of music "into hackneyed formulas." Neither the symphonies of Mahler nor the opera of Strauss in the post-Wagnerian lineage ever appealed to him. For Stravinsky, only the assertion of an autonomous musical logic could give rise to "the flow of melody."

The natural source of Stravinsky's non-Wagnerian path was initially his native Russia. His father, Fyodor, was a distinguished operatic singer; a comfortable home, a huge library, and an active musical life further encouraged the young Stravinsky. He saw Tchaikovsky and witnessed a premiere of Glinka's as a child. He studied with Rimsky-Korsakov, from whom he learned technique in composition and orchestration. While Rimsky was not so rigid as the mandarins in Russian conservatories, he bred in Stravinsky a classical emphasis on craft, technique, and tradition. The notion, explicit in Wagner and his followers, that music "expressed" something other than music and merited elevation to the realms of religion and metaphysical truth, went against all of Stravinsky's training.

Not surprisingly, Stravinsky early on defied the reigning intellectual snobbery (always the object of his contempt) and turned to classical ballet. The rigidity of its rules and stylistic conventions, its "aristocratic austerity," seemed to Stravinsky to permit the triumph of "studied conception over vagueness," the rule over the arbitrary, order over the haphazard. Through his early affinity for ballet, Stravinsky developed his understanding of the interplay of tradition with originality. "The more art is controlled, limited, worked over, the more it is free," he told his Harvard audience. The limitations Stravinsky imposed on himself were the purity of the elements of music, their separateness from story and picture. The demands were those of a technique passed down through a line of such exemplary stylists and craftsmen as Gesualdo, Pergolesi, Bach, Debussy. Freedom, the key to any art, was gained, according to Stravinsky, by resistance to legitimate rules and foundations; and by discipline inherited from teachers like his own. "Whatever constantly gives way to pressure, constantly renders movement impossible," wrote Stravinsky. "The more constraints one imposes, the more one frees one's self of the chains that shackle the spirit."

Stravinsky's submission to the restrictions of ballet coincided with two crucial events in his musical development: his collaboration with Serge Diaghilev and the Ballets Russes, and his encounter with the music of Debussy. With Russian elements and a virtuostic command of orchestral timbre firmly part of his musical vocabulary, Stravinsky was overwhelmed by the vigorous clarity and invention in Debussy. Here were fresh color and sound, rhythms, and a melodic line that had all the harmonic innovation of Wagner—and even owed its origin to him—but were free of the extra-musical baggage. In both his small works for piano solo and his massive orchestral works like the *Nocturnes* and *Daphnis and Chloe*, Debussy achieved a redefinition of consonance and resolution in musical language that stirred Stravinsky's imagination. Using Russian folk tales, and inspired by Diaghilev and close colleagues like Fokine, Nijinsky, Bakst, and French musicians and painters, Stravinsky exploded from 1909 to 1927 with a torrent of stage works, primarily within the confines of the dance: *The Firebird* (1909), *Petrushka* (1910), and *The Rite of Spring* (1913). With these works Stravinsky's popular reputation was made, and there, unfortunately, it largely still rests.

STRAVINSKY'S CAREER after *The Rite of Spring* accounts for the legendary feud in twentieth-century music between followers of Stravinsky and those of the other seminal figure, Arnold Schoenberg—a feud now long past. Already at Stravinsky's 80th birthday celebration, Milton Babbitt denied the existence of a gulf between the two schools. More recently, Stravinsky's death, the eclipse of the self-conscious modernist avant-garde in the 1970s, and Stravinsky's own last period of composition, during which he embraced aspects of the serial technique originated by Schoenberg and extended by Anton von Webern, all contributed to the demise of a once-heated Schoenberg-Stravinsky rivalry. Ironically, Schoenberg shared much with Stravinsky from 1911 on, including an allergy to late Romanticism; to innovation without technique and discipline; to a search for originality out of touch with musical tradition. Both composers betrayed an underlying pre-Romantic classicism. But from 1915 to 1960, the antagonisms were fierce. Dika Newlin, Schoenberg's protégé, described the feeling of betrayal in any praise of Stravinsky in Schoenberg's presence. Stravinsky's offhand critiques of the Viennese school were glib before 1960. In 1939, Stravinsky would concede that it was illegitimate to dismiss Schoenberg's

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Pierrot Lunaire as mere cacaphony, but was willing to grant no more than that it showed seriousness of intent. Both men vied, directly and through disciples like Nadia Boulanger and Theodor Adorno (to name only one notable for each side), for dominance in the evolution of twentieth-century music.

By 1920, Stravinsky was regarded as conservative; embarked at first on a courageous, avant-garde, revolutionary path in *The Rite of Spring* (whose premiere caused a riot), Stravinsky had then turned his back on modernism and the future. Stravinsky was seen to be an agent of the upper class, an *haute bourgeois*, dabbling in neoclassical games and writing retrograde as opposed to "progressive" music. Adorno, as critic and social theorist, advocated the twelve tone school as an authentic language of the future that possessed revolutionary cultural and social power. Like Pierre Boulez, he viewed *The Rite of Spring* as the only new and great Stravinsky work—though it evoked, he thought, not a progressive sense of the modern but merely a search for archaic roots not dissimilar to Wagner's romance with Germanic mythology. Nadia Boulanger, who taught many a famous American composer, saw in Stravinsky the authentic contemporary voice of musical craftsmanship. Stravinsky's originality resided for her in the fact that the original and the new were fashioned within the struggle with disciplined style, with traditional expectations and forms.

The fuel for the mid-twentieth-century Schoenberg-Stravinsky controversy was the neoclassical output from the 1920s and 1930s by the then world-famous Stravinsky, who had become enamored of pre-nineteenth-century music. Early on, he had orchestrated old masters, as did Schoenberg. But in 1920 Stravinsky took fragments by Pergolesi and fashioned them into the ballet *Pulcinella*. Directly after *The Rite of Spring*, in early efforts at *The Wedding*, he found a new, tighter style. Stravinsky turned more toward purely instrumental forms of writing. He adopted the external formal stylistic constraints not only of classical ballet but of Baroque and classical composers: recitative, symphonic form, sonata allegro, traditional religious vehicles for music. The figures of Bach and Mozart inspired him; so, too, the innocent ingenuity of Schubert and the instrumental insights of Beethoven. Stravinsky wrote for the piano, for the violin, for wind instruments, and for less obvious ensembles, as in his *Ragtime* (1920). In the period from 1920 to the early 1950s, Stravinsky found his voice

PORTRAIT OF IGOR STRAVINSKY BY PICASSO (1920)/MUSEE PICASSO

"against" the conventions of polyphony in Bach, the simplicity and protean inventiveness of Mozart, the limits of jazz; he appreciated the capacity of recognizable styles to permit genuine and powerful musical novelty.

In this long neoclassical period, Stravinsky produced his greatest works. At the outset, *The Wedding* (1923), *The Soldier's Tale* (1918), *Pulcinella* (1920); at its height, the *Symphony of Psalms* (1930), *Capriccio* (1929), *Symphony in C* (1940), *Symphony in 3 Movements* (1945), *Persephone* (1934), *Violin Concerto* (1931). Boulez called these works "sclerotic." Ironically, Stravinsky's shift away from the lush, thickly textured, Romantic sound of his early work—the surface boldness of *The Rite of Spring*—earned him both sustained opprobrium and the framework for his most lasting achievement, *Oedipus Rex* (1927), which was perhaps his finest neoclassical effort.

Oedipus is more powerful than the more luxuriant and obvious *The Rite of Spring*, whose exuberances and assertions now seem tiresome. Within the limits of a male chorus, a sparse orchestration (in comparison to *The Rite*), and a formal Latin text, Stravinsky uses intricate but simple-sounding rhythmic patterns, always keeping the listener tense with expectation and surprise. He fashions a long musical narrative line; he builds a structure employing the appearances of Baroque technique and practice, Renaissance-like vocal lines, and tonal sounding relationships and large symmetries. At first, little seems new; but all is new, vigorous, and memorable. This deceptive but resilient modern sensibility permeates all of Stravinsky's neoclassical work, including the moving *Symphony of Psalms*, in which the significance of Stravinsky's traditional Orthodox religiosity makes a sustained appearance. *The Rite of Spring* today seems a throwback to the grandiose nineteenth century rather than a herald of the modern. Within the confines of an overt return to past styles, structures, and techniques, Stravinsky spoke with a lasting new voice. During Stravinsky's 1962 nostalgic return to Russia, Robert Craft, Stravinsky's amanuensis and disciple, speculated, after witnessing just how Russian Stravinsky really was and would always be, that Russianisms could be heard in all of Stravinsky's oeuvre, especially the neoclassical works. But unlike much of de Falla, Albéniz, Villa-Lobos, and Sibelius, Stravinsky's power and style after *The Rite of Spring*, although still imbued with Slavic idioms, became timeless, Mozartian in breadth and catholicism. Stravinsky never relapsed into dependence on regional color and clichés in neoclassicism.

Stravinsky's last phase of creative work took place in America. Although Stravinskyisms permeated a generation of American composers from 1920 to 1945, after 1945 the post-Webern avant garde became ascendant. Stravinsky

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took on the aspect of an aggressive traditionalist. His style—his personal habits, his nonmusical tastes, his interest in making contact with general audiences, his affection for well-bred bourgeois and aristocratic patrons, his virulent anti-Communism, and his deep Russian Orthodoxy—earned him an iconoclastic place in modern music. But humor, discipline, and curiosity granted Stravinsky anything but a closed mind. He set Shakespeare and medieval English to music. Collaboration with Auden brought the great opera, *The Rake's Progress* (1951), Stravinsky's longest work. He composed a television opera, *The Flood* (1962). Biblical and religious works like the *Canticum Sacrum* (1955), *Threni* (1958), and the *Requiem Canticles* (1966); ballets like *Orpheus* (1947) and *Agon* (1957) were produced, the latter reflecting the influence of Schoenberg and Webern.

In his last work, Stravinsky sustains an unerring sense of temporal space, playful inventiveness, while maintaining a flowing line, a consistent canon of orderliness. Rhythm, whether used with dense variation or with long, austere lines, anchors sound and experience. In Stravinsky one can always find an economy of lyricism and shape, a deep sensitivity to instrumental sound—manipulations of silences and notes that never invite boredom.

Stravinsky died in 1971. He left volumes of amusing and searching writings on all manner of subjects, most of them written with Robert Craft. But his legacy is his music. It spans the twentieth century, and it tells us its story. At its start, Stravinsky, the gifted heir to a nineteenth-century Russian and French tradition, was committed to large-scale sound, and to native and national musical origins. Toward the middle of the century, Stravinsky reacted to the external anarchy of the world by enveloping himself in a disciplined style masked by neoclassicism. He helped give Americans twenty or so years his junior a language through which they would fashion a musical idiom, at once modern and uniquely American. Without the neoclassical Stravinsky, serious American music from Copland and Sessions to Bernstein and Sondheim would be inconceivable. Toward the close of the century, Stravinsky sought to tame modernity's recalcitrant musical method by finding in the surface revolution of the twelve tone approach the continuity of musical logic and invention inherited from the Middle Ages.

Stravinsky, like Picasso, was the exemplar of two reassuring truths. First, in the enterprise of art, greatness knows no dates. It is immune from facile historicist interpretation. Our century, for all its upheaval, will look less different from a distance than it does close up. Stravinsky taught us this lesson by how easily he stands next to Palestrina, Monteverdi, Mozart, Beethoven, and Bach. Moreover, Stravinsky demonstrated that the new and the modern can communicate powerfully with an originality based in tradition. Stravinsky's life work vindicates Robert Musil's observation that even in our age "personal accomplishment means a hardly perceptible alteration of the spiritual riches which one receives from others."

Poetry is the enemy of totalitarianism.

Poems And Tanks

By Stanislaw Baranczak

WHILE I am typing these words, I cannot be sure whether some of the best Polish poets, friends of mine, are not under arrest. My older friend Wiktor Woroszylski has recently been released after more than four months spent in a camp, but is he still free? Two brilliant poets of my age, Julian Kornhauser and Adam Zagajewski, were detained or interrogated just after the December crackdown, but weren't they arrested again after the May demonstrations? Lothar Herbst is probably still in a hospital after the guards beat him up in an internment camp. Lech Dymarski, a poet and a great wit, must still be in Bialoleka prison: after all, he is one of the top activists of Solidarity. The same goes for Anka Kowalska, Jacek Bierezin, Antoni Pawlak, and so many others. I can only hope nothing happened to Ryszard Krynicki, perhaps the finest lyric poet of my generation, who several years ago wrote this short and prophetic poem:

> If one day I'll have to shout:
> "Long live Poland!"
> —in what language will I have to do it?

All of this is nothing new in Eastern Europe. For a long time poets there have had a strange reason for bitter pride in the fact that their colleagues have been killed and imprisoned. It seemed their words were really dangerous to dictatorships. Friends of mine whose only activity consisted of writing poems are perhaps at this moment sitting on the same board-bed with union organizers or political leaders. In the only language within its grasp, the language of force, the totalitarian regime there acknowledges the role of poetry in society's life, and admits that to a certain extent it fears a poet and his word.

However, should a poet rejoice in a situation like that? And is there any reason to envy him? These questions are purely rhetorical, of course, so instead of an answer I would prefer to quote from my own poem, "And No One Has Warned Me," written in Poland a couple of years ago:

> And no one has warned me that freedom
> may also consist of the fact: that
> I sit in a police station with a notebook of
> my own poems
> hidden (what foresight) in the leg of my
> winter underwear,
> while five civilians with a higher education
> and even higher pay waste time
> analyzing the junk removed from my
> pocket:
> streetcar tickets, a laundry receipt, a dirty
> handkerchief and a mysterious (I'll die
> laughing) scrap of paper:
> "greens
> can of peas
> tomato paste
> potatoes";
> and no one has warned me that slavery
> may also consist of the fact: that
> I sit in a police station with a notebook of
> my own poems
> hidden (how grotesque) in the leg of my
> winter underwear,
> while five civilians with a higher education

Stanislaw Baranczak, a Polish author who came to the U.S. in 1981, is now a professor of Polish literature at Harvard.

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and even lower foreheads have the right
to paw the innards wrenched out of my
life:
streetcar tickets, a laundry receipt, a dirty
handkerchief, and above all (no, this is
more than I can take) that scrap of
paper:
"greens
can of peas
tomato paste
potatoes";
and no one has warned me that my entire
globe
is the space separating the opposing poles
between which there really is no space

—translated by Magnus Jan Krynski
and Robert Maguire

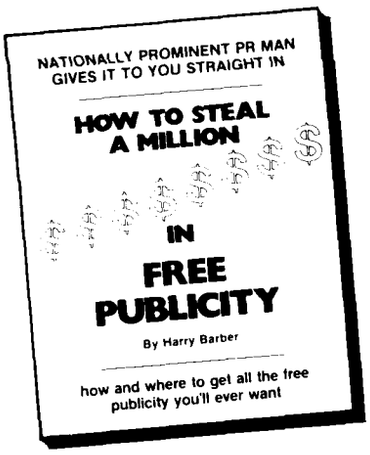
To explain one's own poem is dangerous, but perhaps its basic anecdote deserves a short commentary. Being detained and searched by the secret police is, of course, the mildest form of harassment a police state can inflict on a citizen. Therefore the poem was not written in order to give its author an opportunity to complain of his share. On the contrary, the tone of the poem is —so I hope—rather self-derisive and polemical toward a romantic conception of the poet as a fearless fighter. Everything in this poem is small, dull, somewhat murky: from the contents of the speaker's pockets, to the appearances of his police persecutors, who look like petty bureaucrats rather than torturers. First of all, the emotional reaction of the speaker is murky: instead of clear and unequivocal feelings, we have an ambivalent mixture of triumph and humiliation, bravado and fear, the sense of freedom and the sense of coercion. What remains unequivocal, though, is unexpressed or, rather, expressed in an indirect way, by the very fact of having written the poem: a need for a literature which would be able to describe that polluted reality. "No one has warned me"—no church, no parents, no teachers, no literature—that reality can be just like that; to cope with it, I have to describe it myself.

Is there any reason for a poet like the one in my poem to be envied by another poet who lives somewhere else, in a relatively free part of the world, but whose words do not have to clear any obstacle, do not meet any resistance, do not find any real friends or foes, are apparently not necessary to anybody? My answer will be just like the above-quoted poem—that is, ambivalent. Yes and no: yes, because poetry in totalitarian countries really faces some extraordinary challenges and opportunities unknown in the free world; no, because despite these challenges and opportunities, many beliefs concerning the relationship between poetry and oppression are just myths. I do not personally know any masochist who would really *like* to live and write under continuous constraint.

Let me start with the latter problem. The popular opinion which compares a poet to an oyster that is able to grow pearls only when constantly irritated by grains of sand is, fortunately, only a myth. Suffering does not automatically result in good poetry, and the most sincere protest against oppression very often generates nothing more than literary kitsch.

ON MANY occasions I have heard the opinion that censorship's influence on information or science is naturally a shame, but when applied to literature or art, it often becomes an additional incentive for imagination and intelligence. A poet or novelist, this argument goes, while trying to outsmart a censor, exerts all his ingenuity, invents new literary devices and forms, even creates new genres; at the same time, the necessity of deciphering his message makes a reader think more, and thus becomes a praiseworthy exercise for his intelligence, too.

This sophistry can be heard quite often, especially in places where literature apparently has no other choice except to reconcile itself to the existence of censorship. In Poland, for instance, for a long time after the imposition of Communist rule, literature used to make a virtue of necessity; consequently, it developed an abundant repertoire of devices designed to outwit the censor. With few exceptions, that kind of writing, if it touched any sensitive subjects at all, was an art of winking and conspiratorial looks, of pretense and make-believe. The author used to make a show before the censor, pretending that he had really intended to write a novel about the Borgias; at the same time, he used to wink at the reader, pretending that in fact he had written a novel about Stalinism. The reader in turn used to wink back, pretending that he understood the allusion, and the censor did the same, pretending that he did not notice it. All of this may seem an interesting phenomenon to a neutral observer, but it made literature sterile. I mean not only the inevitable using of the same devices, but also a certain rigid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principle of psychology: if we do not call something by its name, we cease to understand what it is. A novel about the Borgias (this is a hypothetical example) based its allusions on analogies between the Borgias' times and the epoch of Stalinism: it failed to indicate, though, what the differences were between those two times, what was new and specific in Stalinism that made it much more horrible than the Borgias' crimes. "Traces of a gag remain on the tongue," said the aphorist S. J. Lec. And on the brain, I would add.

Therefore, the art of outsmarting the censor soon proved insufficient. Besides, at a certain moment the censors themselves stopped winking so benevolently and set about their job seriously. The ban on the performances of *The Forefathers' Eve* by Adam Mickiewicz in March 1968—under the pretext of some "anti-Russian" accents in that Romantic play—was a clear signal that playing with allusions had ended. The student demonstrations and protests of the intellectuals which followed were an equally clear signal that society would not reconcile itself to total censorship. All those protests were quickly and brutally suppressed in 1968, and the screw of censorship—with the interruption only of a short "thaw" with which the new ruler, Edward Gierek, tried to bribe the people in the early 1970s—was tightened systematically and ruthlessly till the end of the 1970s.

BUT MEANWHILE something totally new began to emerge, in public life as well as in literature. In 1974 a significant book entitled *The World Not Represented* was published in Poland. Its authors—the young poets and critics Julian Kornhauser and Adam Zagajewski, whom I mentioned earlier—demanded that literature stop pretending. They wanted it "to speak forthrightly": this postulate did not attack so much the principle of poetic language—which, as opposed to common parlance, is always contrary to "forthright" speaking—as the principle of allusion and disguise in literature's description of the real world. Let's stop pretending that we live somewhere else, demanded the authors; let's realize that the reality which surrounds us here and now is a unique subject whose description is a great opportunity for contemporary literature.

The book, published by a state-owned —and censored—publishing house, was to a certain extent inconsistent, since it was not able "to speak forthrightly" about censorship as the real reason why literature used the Aesopian language of allusions and coded messages. Nevertheless, the parallel events of public life made things perfectly clear very soon. In 1976 the first magazines and printing offices emerged that risked publishing beyond censorship's control. This was something more than *samizdat*, a method already known in virtually every country of Eastern Europe. From the very beginning, the activity of independent publishing houses was broad and far-reaching: in a situation where almost all official intellectual life had been paralyzed by censorship, there was a simple need to create another, unofficial but equally extensive circulation of information and culture. In spite of police harassment, that plan succeeded: the uncensored publications (among them also the literary magazines and books) found so many enthusiastic collaborators and readers that the grim crisis of the late 1970s seemed also to be, paradoxically, a renaissance of independent thought. It flourished even more over the sixteen months of Solidarity's free existence, when the rapid development of the independent press finally forced the authorities to certain concessions in matters of censorship.

Now all these achievements are being crushed beneath tank treads. But even under military terror and total censorship, there are numerous leaflets and bulletins being published and passed from hand to hand: heroic evidence of the fact that nothing can deprive people of freedom of speech once they realize its necessity.

LET ME come back to the starting point. Are coercion and censorship really in some way stimulants to the arts? Such a thesis always seemed a little suspect to me. Of course, we feel a certain pride when the police break into our clandestine poetry readings, when we find a title of our book on a list of items confiscated in somebody's apartment, or even when a censor considers our poem dangerous to the interests of the Communist state. But after some time we discover that—precisely as in the poem I quoted—our triumph is just the reverse side of humiliation, our imagined greatness is proportionate to the littleness of our persecutors, and our short-lived feeling of freedom is possible only because in our everyday lives we are slaves. Polish literature's fight against censorship in the 1970s was important not because it was good for the ego of this or that writer. It was important because it represented the struggle against absurdity and for normality. The authors who used to publish their books underground were not a bunch of masochists; just the opposite, they wanted to create a normal literary life. A life in which it would be natural that every good book, no matter what its political point of view, could be published, and every sensible word, regardless of any taboo, could be uttered without distortions and insinuations.

ALL THIS does not mean, in turn, that I am an advocate of "pure poetry." It is interesting, though, that just before August 1980 one could hear in Poland many voices of poets and critics (some of them publishing underground) supporting that tendency. Since the reality that surrounds us, they used to say, is so polluted and trivial, since even our everyday suffering is contaminated with absurdity and littleness, let's lift our eyes toward the eternal and pure matters, toward the essential. Instead of "pure poetry," which seemed to be too worn-out a term, they preferred to speak of "metaphysical poetry."

That substitution of meanings never failed to annoy me. The reason was that in the late 1970s, after having been fired from my university job, I had quite a lot of time to study and translate my favorites, English metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century. This allowed me to see that in the case of really great poetry the so-called "metaphysical" problems—concerning God, nature, cosmos, death, love, etc.—cannot exist outside of a concrete, material, lifelike, even trivial context. Moreover, the "low" reality of bed affairs, politics, business, and everyday conversations provides for a poet the only material with which he can convincingly demonstrate the "high" paradoxes of the world's existence.

However, the problem of "pure poetry" does not consist in misunderstandings and simplifications alone. Since the turn of the nineteenth century, poetry has moved forward (if it's "forward" at all) by violent leaps from one pole to another—from "commitment" to "purity" and from "autonomy" back to "service to a cause." The

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labels change, but the basic question still remains: can poetry free itself from duty, or from the pressures of the time and place in which it is written?

History and geography can be an unbearable burden in countries where poetry sometimes simply cannot afford to be "pure." Polish poetry, from the beginning of the nineteenth century on, has very special reasons to complain of a burden like this: partitions, uprisings, and wars time and again forced Polish poets to abandon their dreams of "pure poetry" and fulfill this or that "duty." It is true that this pressure produced a great Romantic poetry, but it also produced a frightening wave of post-Romantic epigonism—very patriotic and very poor as literature. The following generations, aware of that danger, repeatedly tried to reach the pole of poetic "autonomy," only to be pushed back to "commitment" by this or that excess of history.

IN OUR HALF of the century it is not even a matter of generations: the opposite poles coexist. "Oh, to finally write a poem which would be its own reason to exist," says one poet, while exactly at the same moment another one sighs: "Oh, to finally write a poem which would be something more than mere poetry." "Autonomy" means the freedom and purity of the art, but also its helplessness, or even a certain amorality. "Commitment" means helping people and listening to the voice of one's conscience, but it also means the lack of internal independence. What to choose? And what to choose, if the opposition exists even in the mind of every single poet? The opinion that poetry is worthwhile only when it is just itself (and not a treatise, sermon, or political column) seems to be altogether true. The opinion that poetry is worthwhile only when it does not look away from human suffering and the world's injustice cannot be denied either. How to square one with the other? How to create poetry that would be at the same time *only* poetry and something *more* than only that?

It seems to me that the great and unique opportunity for poetry in totalitarian countries consists precisely in the possibility of reconciling these two opposite values with each other. If there is any reason to envy the poets of Eastern Europe, it is just that. In their case all traditional distinctions between poetic "autonomy" and poetic "commitment" lose their significance. For in totalitarian countries poetry can help people and defend them just because it is itself—because it is poetry.

This sounds presumptuous, so I will explain what I mean. A man who lives in a totalitarian country perceives the surrounding reality as the combined result of various unbearable pressures, each of which is inhuman by nature. First, it is a reality which always puts the collective before the individual—in fact, it does everything to destroy human uniqueness. Second, it is a reality which can feed the concrete needs of an individual only with empty and abstract generalities. Third, it is a reality which in place of living, versatile, and concrete speech uses only set verbal patterns, meaningless slogans, words with falsified meanings. And finally, it is a reality which replaces the natural diversity and richness of life with gray, dull, monotonous schemes.

That's just the point: it is enough for poetry just to be itself to become the natural enemy of a totalitarian dictatorship. One does not have to be a political poet; one may write on love, death, God, flowers, or ancient Greece—and if it is true poetry, the dictators will sooner or later condemn it. This was the experience of many poets of Eastern Europe, whose only real sin was the fact that they wrote poems: see the symbolic fate of Osip Mandelstam. But this same Mandelstam understood perfectly that true poetry has every reason to be hated by dictators. Not only because every totalitarian ruler is a kind of political graphomaniac or disappointed artist who fails to understand that it is impossible to adjust human reality to his aesthetic ideals of regularity and proportion, that it is impossible to form millions of human beings into neat stanzas of uniformed squares. The more serious reason is that everything we can say about totalitarian reality finds its exact counterpoise in the most elementary attributes of poetry. Collectivist uniformity finds its remedy in poetry's individual point of view and natural subjectivity (the principle of a first-person speaker). The tyranny of empty generalities is countered by poetry's disposition to concrete vision (the principle of poetic image and metaphor). Falsifications of language and worn-out slogans are met by linguistic explora-

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tions which bring the word's potential meanings to the attention of a reader (the principle of decomposition of set phrases). Finally, schematic monotony is countered by one of the oldest principles of poetry, namely, by a dynamic equilibrium of regularity and irregularity, of stable and changing elements (the principle of poetic rhythm).

One thing should be put straight here: in speaking about poetry as the most complete version of an individual mind's resistance against the pressure of totalitarianism, I am by no means presumptuous or vainglorious; at least I would not like to be understood that way. I am speaking more about opportunities than achievements. It would be wishful thinking to say that the average reader in a country like Poland understands the role of poetry exactly as I do. It is true that the popularity of poetry in my country seems not so low as in the West; I would be exaggerating, though, if I said that a Polish poet is worshipped by crowds of admirers like a movie star or a popular singer.

There are two reasons for this. The first is trivially simple and can be reduced to an ancient proverb: *primum edere, deinde philosophari.* It would be really foolish to expect that, say, a woman who spent eight hours in her factory or office, two hours standing in lines, and the next three on domestic chores, before going to sleep would seek entertainment or consolation in contemporary poetry. The other reason is more complex. Even in a system under which poetry becomes the natural ally of a man-in-the-street, there always remains another inherent aspect of poetry which impedes possible understanding between it and the average individual: poetry cannot be average. In other words, good poetry, even while defending man, can by no means be condescending: this would be a sign not of solidarity, but of disdain. The only thing poetry can do is to be open to anyone who should wish to ascend to it. There are exceptional times when many people do ascend: during the unforgettable years of 1980 and 1981 it was a rare joy to see how many common readers were risking such intellectual effort in a general atmosphere of open-mindedness and the quest for genuine values. Poems printed in Solidarity bulletins were not just decorations, and they weren't just politics in disguise either: they were needed precisely because they spoke about the world in the way in which only poetry and nothing else can speak.

It is true that the reality of a totalitarian system—the same reality which so often kills, drives to suicide, or imprisons the poet—is a gold mine for poetry itself. It presents a unique opportunity: to be useful and autonomous at the same time. I repeat: if there is any reason to envy East European poets, it is just that. This is why, though I am anxious about my friends in Poland, I am also sure that their poetry is safe. There is no tank which could crush a poem. There is no prison in which poetry could be incarcerated. And if now, in the darkness over Poland, there is some light which allows people to survive and to endure, I know that the poetry of my friends has its part in that.

THE DEAN OF CHINA

Chinabound: A Fifty Year Memoir by John K. Fairbank

(Harper & Row, 352 pp., $18)

Confucius, the great sage of China in the fifth century B.C., was primarily a teacher. It was his conviction that, with the proper education, mankind could be improved and the realm governed in harmony. During his lifetime Confucius never secured high government office, but his disciples spread his faith so effectively that it eventually became the official doctrine of the world's largest and arguably greatest civilization.

It is tempting to see a parallel in the career of John King Fairbank. Just as Confucius emerged from a modest background in the small state of Lu, Fairbank came off the prairie of South Dakota, where he was born in 1907. At a time when China was obscure and mysterious to the vast majority of Americans—Sichuan restaurants and tourist postcards of the Great Wall were still decades away—Fairbank helped pioneer the field of modern China studies. A teacher of rare enthusiasm and energy, he created an academic assembly line at Harvard that, starting with his first student, Theodore White, has provided a large percentage of our academic, diplomatic, and journalistic China specialists. In the two decades between 1955 and 1975, when his machine was at its height, it churned out 335 Ph.D.'s in East Asian history, language, economics, and politics, produced professors for seventy-five other American universities, and helped the Harvard University Press publish over a hundred books on China, Japan, and Korea. When American newspapers and magazines were finally permitted to open bureaus in Peking in 1979 after the normalization of relations with China, the correspondents for the *Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the *New York Times* were all beneficiaries of a Fairbank education.

Fairbank's own doctrine, as he put it when he first started teaching in 1937, was that "what this country needs is a good course in East Asian history." The U.S. could be saved from war and disaster in Asia if only Americans understood the history of China. "History was for me what the gospel had been for my grandfather," an itinerant Congregationalist preacher who roamed the upper Midwest before the turn of the century. "It was a way to make a living while saving the world." Whether the United States was prevented from disaster in Asia by knowing more—given our record of wars with Japan, Korea, and Indochina—is another question. But in his retirement from Harvard, Fairbank has settled down to write an autobiography, appropriately titled *Chinabound*, suggesting both his numerous journeys to the Middle Kingdom and his lifelong devotion to the subject.

There have not been many classic autobiographies by Harvard dons—one thinks of Santayana as an exception. In the case of historians this may be because they spend too much time in the library reconstructing the past, rather than in the world of affairs. Or it may be, as Fairbank remarks at the outset,

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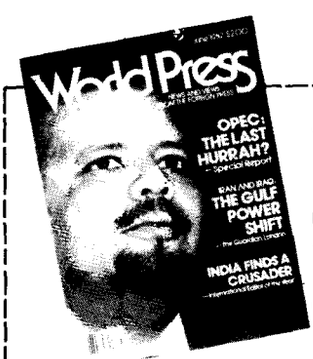

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that "alas, when a historian starts his autobiography, the first thing he discovers is that he is still writing history." If this delightful, wry, self-deprecating memoir has a fault, it is this: that Fairbank is still writing history rather than reflecting in a sustained fashion on the meaning of what he observed during his richly accomplished life. But that is a quibble, a query about his choice of genre. For the book is a charming account of how one of the nation's leading academic entrepreneurs, that post-World War II phenomenon, created a new field of knowledge and led many of us out of our ignorance about China.

From the beginning, Fairbank's passage from Sioux Falls, to Exeter, to the University of Wisconsin, to Harvard, and then to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, was no ordinary one, as he writes. Despite his small-town upbringing, where his father was founder of the local Rotary Club, he was "always conscious of being unique and potentially superior." At Exeter he learned that all students started equal with twenty-four hours in a day. The trick was how to use that time better than the next person. "I felt virtuous taking shortcuts," Fairbank recalls. "I learned to save time by buttoning only three buttons on my vest. . . . To say that I was career-oriented would put it mildly." Later at Harvard he chose to live in a narrow yellow frame house in the middle of the campus because it was only a four-minute walk from his office in Widener Library. Over forty years of teaching, he calculates he saved half a year's worth of working days with this short commute.

One of the funniest, and most revealing, stories in the book is Fairbank's account of a supper to which his wife Wilma invited her friend Felix Frankfurter and Harold Laski. Fairbank was then still a young member of the history department determined to better himself by auditing courses of Harvard's stars, and at ten minutes to eight he excused himself to go to a seminar by Professor William Langer. When Frankfurter and Laski chided him, he relates, "I felt rather insufferably self-righteous and could only say, 'It's part of a plan.' "

FAIRBANK was steered toward China by an avuncular historian at Harvard who persuaded him that there was a great opportunity in Chinese history because China's secret diplomatic documents had just been published. The suggestion appealed to him, Fairbank says, because it was a way to "be a pioneer and continue to be both academic and unique." At Oxford, Fairbank set about studying Chinese largely by himself with an antiquated primer in the classical language, flipping through character cards on the London underground. "Fortunately I never asked a wise man if this was feasible." There followed four years in China as a student, traveling among missionaries in the interior and staying with foreign businessmen in the treaty ports, the vestiges of nineteenth-century imperialism in China that were soon to disappear. Fairbank was back in China again during World War II, helping set up the Office of War Information in Chungking, Chiang Kai-shek's capital. As he watched the Chinese Nationalists begin to collapse through corruption, inflation, bureaucratic rigidity, and widespread disenchantment, he prophesied that they were losing the Mandate of Heaven, or popular confidence, the fount of legitimacy for a Chinese regime.

By contrast, Fairbank was smitten with the Communists he met, mostly young aides to Zhou Enlai, then Mao Zedong's emissary in Chungking. They were bright, idealistic, attractive, English-speaking, and seemingly liberal, "a breath of fresh air" "amid the dispirited drabness of 1943 Chungking." The few Americans who made it to Yanan, the Communists' cave headquarters, confirmed Fairbank's impression.

THE CROSSING

I had forgotten him, the colorless boy who, in fifth grade,
raised his hand to say *I want to die,*
each word distinct, the intervening silence
marked, as though he wanted to be stopped,
though he went on and on until he had been heard and punished—
After thirty years, I saw him cross the street today,
that boy who meant to die: he walked his laden bicycle across Peninsula
with normal caution. As he walked,
he whistled to himself. In fifth grade,
his face was like a line gone dead. I was hypnotized;
I stared at him the way my mother stared in terror
at the breathing telephone, afraid to hang it up—
she was enslaved; the severed voice
enslaved her. In the front row, I turned to watch his face;
the muscles hardly moved, even when he spoke. *I want,*
he whispered, *to commit*
suicide. I didn't know the word. But I connected it
with sleep; I felt a pull behind me
like the undertow of the Atlantic where, on summer days, I played out
the farce of childhood, shrieking, diving through the slick waves
that blinded me, the farce
of living in the moment, like the animals—I couldn't do it.
I knew we were in peril.
On the sand, I made my mother wrap me in a towel and hold me,
shaking in the sun. In bed at night,
I drew the blue blanket over my head, like a seawave.

Today, after thirty years, the boy
who taught me how to dream of death
was almost singing as he crossed the street. I followed him;
he leaned his bicycle against a heated building
and walked into the shadowy alley. I saw how far it went
as he fit in there, he fit into the shadows.
And as he foraged in the garbage cans, I recognized
the things he carried in his wire basket. And I knew
whatever pressured him to stay alive
confirmed his failure, since he still wants
what he said he wanted.

LOUISE GLÜCK

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Yanan was "a sort of political Shangri-la" and visitors "emerged, usually starry-eyed, as though fed on honey dew." Set against the oppression and hypocrisy of the feckless Kuomintang, it was easy for Fairbank and other Western journalists and diplomats to sympathize with the Communists as the outs. When the Chinese civil war broke out again in full in 1945, Fairbank found himself "committed to viewing communism as bad in America but good in China."

This view has gotten Fairbank into a paradoxical predicament over the years. In the early 1950s, with McCarthyism, he was among those blamed for "the loss of China" and hauled before both an Army loyalty board and Senator Patrick McCarran's Judiciary Committee. "There is no denying I was in China before the Communist victory, but I do not go as far as some in causally connecting the two phenomena," Fairbank jocularly wrote friends. In more recent years, as Fairbank pressed the case for improved relations with Peking, he has found himself criticized by some for failing to speak out soon enough against growing signs of Communist abuses of power: the hundreds of thousands of intellectuals sent to labor reform camps in the antirightist campaign in 1957, the estimated fifteen million people who died of food shortages that followed the Great Leap Forward in 1958, and other millions who were beaten to death or imprisoned during the Cultural Revolution.

NO DOUBT Fairbank's memories of the 1940s, when the Communists were the good guys fighting to end starvation, landlord rapaciousness toward the peasants, and Kuomintang repression, colored his vision of China. He was far from alone in this. But a great historical reversal has taken place. The Communists are now the regime in power. Moreover, after Mao's death, and particularly since Deng Xiaoping's ascendancy in 1978, it has become possible for foreigners to actually make friends with individual Chinese, to eat dinner at their homes and exchange confidences with them. As a result, a new, perhaps more realistic picture of Communist China has begun to emerge, and it is not entirely a pretty one. Instead of the happy, smiling, prosperous revolutionary society described by American visitors to China in the early 1970s after Ping Pong Diplomacy, we can see that living standards are still terribly low, that the Communist Party has become a privileged elite with its own special food stores, chauffeured limousines, and servants, and that corruption has become part of life again. Many of the Chinese I got to know while living in Peking between 1979 and 1981 wondered aloud if the Communists had squandered their opportunity; they looked to Taiwan with envy. It is not hard to see parallels to the Kuomintang's troubles in the 1940s. Not surprisingly, many foreign journalists in Peking have found themselves attracted to the dissidents of Democracy Wall, just as Fairbank felt attachment to the Communists in Chungking when they were young.

In his memoir, Fairbank does not gloss over the Communists' recent shortcomings. He compares the savagery of the Cultural Revolution, when Red Guards beat people to death simply because they were educated, with the terrors of the Holocaust. In 1973, Fairbank reports, he wrote a review in the *New York Review of Books* of a chilling personal account of China's Gulag, *Prisoner of Mao*. On his next visit to the Chinese Liaison Office in Washington to apply for a visa to Peking, a Chinese diplomat told him the review constituted an "unfriendly act." He did not receive the visa.

This raises a delicate question. Given the importance the Chinese place on face, public criticism of Peking is regarded as the same as being disloyal, a sign of enmity. If Americans are now starting to be more realistic about China and to recognize that, like the Soviet Union, it too has labor camps, a troubled economy, and a Party elite, will the Communists become angry and seek revenge in some area of Sino-U.S. relations? The Chinese are already upset by President Reagan's allusion during the 1980 campaign to the need to improve relations with Taiwan. Peking's displeasure, I think, lies behind its recent decision to take the Taiwan issue out of mothballs and demand that Washington stop selling arms to Taipei. Ever since President Nixon's breakthrough with the Chinese, the secret to improved Chinese-American relations has been that both sides agreed to put the Taiwan question aside. The Reagan Administration is now quietly talking with Peking to find a formula that will resolve the arms impasse. But Taiwan is too tricky, too much an issue for both Chinese sides, for Americans to be able to solve it. As Fairbank says in his own parting shot on the question: "We still have it and many cherish it. It will continue to be with us."

FOX BUTTERFIELD

Fox Butterfield was the Chinese correspondent for the *New York Times* from 1979 to 1981.

DETERRENCE VS. COUNTERFORCE

Nuclear Illusion and Reality
by Solly Zuckerman

(Viking, 145 pp., $10.95)

This is one of the more modest and level-headed, and therefore more valuable, entries in the new crop of books about nuclear war. Solly Zuckerman is a scientist who has worked in or on the periphery of the British government for the last thirty-five years. During World War II, he conducted research on the damage done by bomb blasts. He spent the early 1960s as chief scientific adviser to the Ministry of Defense and the late 1960s as chief scientific adviser to the British government. For his labors, he was rewarded with a title, Lord Zuckerman; from them, he has learned several principles about science and politics that he recounts concisely here.

The "nuclear illusion" of the title is the idea that such weapons might be in any practical sense usable. Their sheer presence has obviously been important for deterrence, Zuckerman says; the illusion lies in imagining that they might be used for something more than that. One of their supposed functions is to repel a Soviet army moving across West-

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ern Europe. When this concept was first propounded, in the doctrine of "massive retaliation," the U.S. was spared the awkwardness of contemplating massive retaliation from the other side. That comfortable moment ended when the Soviet Union, as was inevitable, built its own weapons and delivery systems. Yet official doctrine still asserts that the Western commanders will take the step up to "tac nukes" when the Soviet tanks draw near.

Zuckerman argues that when both sides possess nuclear weapons, the threat to use them in a conventional war in Europe is not credible, since it would mean the certain destruction of Europe and the near-certain escalation to total war. He quotes much of the British military establishment to this end—for example, Lord Mountbatten, who said shortly before his death that the idea that tactical nuclear weapons "could be used in field warfare without triggering an all-out nuclear exchange leading to the final holocaust [is] more and more incredible."

THE OTHER purported use of nuclear weapons is for nuclear "war-fighting," that is, strike and counter-strike with strategic nuclear weapons in a protracted conflict between the superpowers. When applied to American plans, this refers to the ability to launch controlled, surgical "counterforce" attacks against the ganglia of the Soviet military system, disarming the enemy without bringing on an all-out nuclear exchange. When applied by Americans to Soviet plans, it refers to the fear that the Russians might launch a similarly surgical "first strike" against Minuteman missiles in the Midwest. This was, of course, the fear that lay behind the "window of vulnerability," about which we heard so many warnings until the Reagan Administration discovered the political difficulties of proceeding with its proposed window-closer, the MX missile.

To the extent that nuclear war-fighting is a plausible occurrence, the U.S. is obliged to refine its force of land-based missiles, so that they will be (in theory) accurate enough to carry out the pinpoint strikes, and to defend that force against Soviet attack by hiding it in tunnels, clustering it in "dense packs," etc. The problem with war-fighting theories, Zuckerman says, is that they dance away from all the complications and uncertainties that would confront a leader of either country as soon as he considered the details of carrying out a "first strike." He does a useful job of summarizing those uncertainties. He also explains why the distinction between "counterforce" and "countervalue," so fundamental in theory, might be meaningless in reality:

> London is a major command centre. Most government buildings, including the Ministry of Defence, are in, or close to, Whitehall. These would obviously be a 'counterforce' target for the Soviet Union. A single megaton bomb would destroy them all, and at the same time remove Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, Waterloo Station, St. Thomas's and the Westminster Hospitals, and everything within a two-mile radius of No. 10 Downing Street. Washington is the central command centre of the United States, and Moscow that of the USSR. There is Bonn and there is Paris. Who would be left to ask whether, given the outbreak of nuclear hostilities, these great cities had been effaced because they had had a place in one or another list of targets?

Defenders of the counterforce strategy contend that America's capacity to match the Soviet Union in every dimension of nuclear "war-fighting" ability is a crucial bulwark of deterrence, even if both sides believe that nuclear exchanges, once initiated, would be very difficult to control. Many in the counter-force school also claim that, in daring to face the question of how to contain the damage if deterrence fails, they are braver and more intellectually honest than those who believe nuclear weapons are useful for deterrence alone. Zuckerman replies that their categories and discriminations are significant only in the realm of theory. His most powerful piece of evidence on this point is a quotation from Harold Brown's 1981 report to the Congress. Brown was attempting to demonstrate the difference a counterforce strategy might make. Zuckerman says that Brown's own words demonstrate how meaningless that difference would be:

> Our targeting plan [Brown's report said] allows sufficient flexibility to selectively employ nuclear weapons as the situation dictates. Such a capability, and this degree of flexibility, we have believed for some years, would enable us to:
>
> . . . leave open the possibility of ending an exchange before the worst escalation and damage had occurred, even if avoiding escalation to mutual destruction is not likely.
>
> *The final ten words of this statement are those that matter.*

ZUCKERMAN'S reasoning leads him to three principal recommendations. One of them will be familiar and comfortable to many in the antinuclear movement; another is less familiar but in no way awkward. But the third suggests a political and intellectual challenge that movement still has to meet.

The familiar prescription is to embrace the policy of "minimum deterrence"—that is, to recognize that nuclear weapons are "usable" only for purposes of deterrence, and that both the U.S. and the Soviet Union have vastly more than enough to do that job. This was the point Henry Kissinger made years ago, with his plaintive question, What is strategic superiority? What is it good for? Zuckerman does not endorse unilateral disarmament, nor naiveté in approaching negotiations with the Soviet Union, but he does argue that the West will not improve its security by building more nuclear weapons.

Zuckerman's second proposal is to focus on negotiations for a Comprehensive Test Ban treaty which would prohibit nearly all testing of warheads, including the underground detonation permitted by current test ban agreements. (At the moment, however, an expanded test ban treaty is receiving less political attention than such antinuke proposals as the freeze.) The importance of a test ban, Zuckerman says, is that it would retard the refinements in weaponry and guidance that might trick leaders on either side into believing that they could use nuclear weapons in a successful, surgical way. Zuckerman also suggests that a test-ban agreement among the major powers would set a good example for the likes of Argentina, Pakistan, and Libya in the fight against nuclear proliferation. I suspect that this is another way of saying that no one has a practical idea of how to contain that menace.

Third, Zuckerman brings up the uncomfortable fact that the West has built nuclear weapons for a reason. From the American point of view, the reason is that the "nuclear umbrella" was a cheaper, easier way of defending Eu-

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rope than sending more tanks and troops. Zuckerman says that the only weapons that can actually be used to defend Europe are conventional ones, and if the U.S. and NATO remain committed to this territory, they will need bigger and better armies than they now have. Unfortunately, this is likely to be a more expensive proposition than even the MX, and it will probably involve such inconveniences as a draft.

Nearly everything Zuckerman says has been said elsewhere. But if the book lacks novelty, it has the virtues of brevity, balance, and a knowing air about the workings of military and scientific bureaucracies. Considering the subject, that is saying a lot.

JAMES FALLOWS

James Fallows is Washington editor of the *Atlantic* and author of *National Defense* (Random House).

BRIEF REVIEWS

The Pattern of Imperialism by Tony Smith

(Cambridge University Press, 308 pp., $34.50, $10.95 paper)

The discrepancy between the wealth of the industrialized nations and the persistent, in some cases worsening poverty of the third world has become one of those intractable issues of conscience. We sit at a banquet table while masses of Lazaruses crowd the gates. Our President has counseled them to get to work and into the marketplace. Their own spokesmen, who have found a voice in such U.N. agencies as the Economic Commission for Latin America or the Conference for Trade and Development, have suggested instead that we dine at their expense—indeed, perpetuate their misery. It does not take advocates of *dependencia* theory or of "the development of underdevelopment" to recognize the explosiveness of the inequality among nations: Robert McNamara and Willy Brandt hardly pursue a Marxian agenda.

In part, Lazarus at the gates is a legacy of the age of imperialism and the age of capital, although accounts of that legacy differ. In *The Pattern of Imperialism: The United States, Great Britain, and the Late-Industrializing World Since 1815*, Tony Smith, who teaches international relations at Tufts, has written a brief, valuable survey of imperialism and decolonization that tries to review the massive historical record and to mediate among conflicting analyses. He first examines the pattern of British imperialism, detailing the painful process of relinquishing colonies, and then turns to the nature of American imperialism. He summarizes the dispute over the extent to which British commercial development of Latin America and elsewhere represented an "imperialism of free trade." From the outset he defines imperialism as a system of international tutelage that leads to a division of labor or class system which would not otherwise subsist. Even if British economic power helped to co-opt native elites and to encourage nations on the economic periphery to move into primary-product exports, Smith argues, such steps do not always retard development. The third world includes vastly diverse societies with different histories and endowments: if Egypt was stunted, it is not clear that Argentina or Brazil was.

Smith does not neglect the political domination that marked the age of high imperialism. Perhaps the most revealing part of his study is his comparison of British and French decolonization after World War II. The French faced far bloodier confrontations, supervised more massive repressions in North Africa and Madagascar, and experienced greater upheaval in their domestic institutions. Smith, who has written about the French in Algeria in *The French Stake in Algeria* (1978), suggests that they had less experience in training heirs for self-government than the British, since they pursued a self-deceiving policy of "assimilation" instead of indirect rule. The uprooted elite they nurtured all too often faced a rival native force for control of the peasantry, which meant major wars that were also civil conflicts.

Smith's treatment of American imperialism and its difficulties is less satisfying—perhaps because, as Smith points out, issues of American control in various parts of the globe are complicated by the overarching great-power rivalry with the Soviet Union. Smith strives for a reformist stance, though he understands it poses problems; in a trenchant passage he criticizes liberals who believe reform averts revolution. We should learn to live more calmly with revolutionary challenges to the legacy of imperialism, Smith seems to suggest (and perhaps to the Soviet ones as well). Yet he also acknowledges that the rollback of imperialist control hardly ensures a glorious future for downtrodden peasants. Imperialism has not been responsible for all the evils the left alleges; Smith usefully criticizes the scissors-and-paste statistics that supposedly prove exploitation. Nonetheless, powerful economic interests have contributed to distorting alternatives for weaker peoples and still do so. In assessing costs and remedies, Smith offers all the earnest answers of a child of light: the reviewer can endorse them, but only out of quiet desperation.

The same reformist goodwill means, too, that this study neglects one dimension of imperialism that some might find important. The contest between missionary zeal and the darker inner urge for domination—the racialism and ethnocentric convictions often at the center of imperialism—is missing here. Is it too much to expect that a primer on imperialism will convey the profound capacities for savagery that moved Conrad, or the frustrations of Western rationalism with Brahmin ritual structures that Forster conveyed? For all the thorny aspects of economic imperialism, however, this book will serve as a judicious and wide-ranging guide.

CHARLES S. MAIER

Charles S. Maier teaches modern European history at Harvard University.

Hometown by Peter Davis

(Simon and Schuster, 331 pp., $14.95)

No town, not even the Muncie, Indiana, of the Lynds, can possibly encapsulate the American experience. Despite homogenization, we are too divided by racial, regional, religious, and ethnic ties to be summed up in any one town. All the same, the "Middletown" books remind us, a steady gaze at a single place can tell us much about ourselves.

Peter Davis is not a social scientist, yet his *Hometown* brings to vivid life one

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Midwestern community in the late 1970s suggested as somehow "typical" by a demographer in the U.S. Census Bureau. Hamilton, Ohio, an industrial city of 63,000 people north of Cincinnati, typical or not, is the fascinating object of Davis's attention. As he watches, it experiences all the confusions and strains of the sexual revolution, clings to a political mentality of business-knows-best, and refuses to believe that everyone is middle class. Here the reality of broken marriages coexists with evangelical Christianity, class-consciousness with union-busting, democratic ideology with autocratic leadership. You will search in vain here for the spirit of can-do Americanism or much faith in the future.

Davis, better known as the award-winning producer of such documentary films as *Hearts and Minds*, *The Selling of the Pentagon*, and the recent *Middletown* series on PBS, shows that he is a capable writer as well. *Hometown* is a blend of solid reporting and smooth, unpretentious writing.

Hometown succeeds because it discards the straitjacket of social science for on-the-scene specificity. Davis aims his cinematic vignettes at a wedding, a high-school basketball game between crosstown rivals, a Protestant exorcism, the county courthouse, a cop's beat, a murder and subsequent trial, a prolonged strike, a beauty parlor where gossip and psychotherapy are dispensed along with the hairdos, a visit to Hamilton's richest man, and the trial of a popular music teacher accused of "public indecency" in a department-store bathroom. Each of these episodes is handled with a level-headed sympathy remarkable for an outsider.

Davis, a Harvard-educated native of California who lives in New York City, must have seemed an exotic species to Hamiltonians. Transients in town are more likely to be unskilled laborers from Kentucky or Tennessee ("briar-hoppers") than Eastern sophisticates. *Hometown* is based on six years of observations, he says, but his filmmaking during that period must have kept him away from Hamilton more often than not.

No matter. Davis has seen Hamilton steadily and has seen it whole. He doesn't find his subjects odd or particularly backward. Though the publisher's promotional material would have us believe we are reading something akin to *Winesburg, Ohio*, the people in *Hometown* aren't grotesques. They are everyday types who care mostly about work and family. They are far more conservative in politics than readers of this magazine, and as confused about sexual matters as any of their countrymen. The dismal state of the economy and the loss of jobs to the sun belt is a source of great anxiety.

Hamiltonians seem almost English (or Southern) in their preoccupation with differences in station among people. This is not surprising, however, in a town that has lost one-third of its jobs in a decade and is split down the middle by two high schools, one for the town's upper echelons and the other for working-class blacks and Appalachian whites. In Davis's account of the basketball game, for instance, portraits of players and coaches become vehicles for a sharp rendering of class stratification.

There is little "false consciousness" here, only the dull ache of economic deprivation. Employees at the Hamilton Tool Co. are on strike for nineteen-and-a-half weeks; the Hamilton *Journal-News*, wishing this blot on the town's name would go away, ignores it when not espousing chamber-of-commerce views in its news pages; in the end, the workers settle for a $1.80-an-hour increase. The cost-of-living allowance they sought, taken for granted in stronger union towns, will have to wait. It is the kind of settlement that Bill Beckett, patriarch of the town's leading family, can live with. The cultured chairman of the Cincinnati Symphony, he is also a believer in Reaganomics. "Profits," he says, "are not only an economic necessity but a social responsibility."

But the book is more about people than profits. Beckett has handed down the mayoralty chores to the admirable young Frank Witt, who is said to have quite a future in the Ohio Republican Party. When he makes an eloquent off-the-cuff speech on behalf of a controversial bond issue that will consolidate the two high schools (and thus reduce city tensions), we cheer for his enlightenment. When we hear about the rumor mill that links him with a married clubwoman, we fear for his political life. Witt survives the rumors, but not a later heart attack.

In the final, climactic chapter, teacher Sam Shie fails to survive a modern-day witch-hunt. His day in court could have been an excuse for Davis to put Hamilton itself on trial. Instead, the author emphasizes the surprising degree of support Shie gets, even after the school board fires him. Homosexuality, real or imagined, seems far less an incitement to riot than anyone expected.

For my money, Maillie Pendergrass, the beauty parlor proprietor, sums up Hamilton best. Homespun shrink, good listener, purveyor of gossip, she sees everything that's going on: "I get real down sometimes, I know so much dirt. I pray for all of them, though."

DAN CRYER

Dan Cryer, a graduate of Middletown High School (20 miles east of Hamilton), is book critic at *Newsday*.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

on fantasy beyond imagination. Reminds one of the old cliché about the psychiatrist who greets a colleague with, "How are you?" only to leave the other wondering, "What did he mean by that?"

MAX E. ROBKIN
Atlanta, Georgia

To the editors:

Surely Mark Crispin Miller's essay on the television commercial fails to fill in a few lacunae. We recall that the soap (rhymes with "rope") commercial offers Wife (called "Gail," rhymes with "sale") a "fantasy of dominance" even as it subtly limns her as an accomplice in the degradations of upward mobility in corporate (rhymes with "pederastic") America. Mr. Miller admirably decocts the meaning of Husband's shower, but what about the meaning of Gail's? Did Gail shower before, or after, Husband? We have no evidence of that. So Gail showered after Husband, when there was a ring around the tub! The housebound Gail, even as she cleans herself, is encircled by the corporate dirt deposited, with a negative rate of return, by Husband every day. *That* explains the shutters on the window (shut her). A more extended treatment of the ring motif in soap commercials can be found in any issue of the *Journal of Reflexive Attitudinizing*.

MARK JENKINS
Arlington, Virginia

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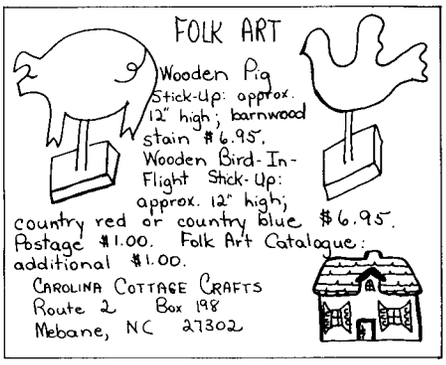
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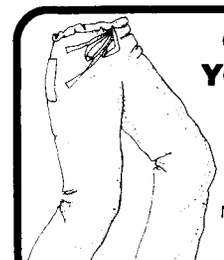

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Rational Hope

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN history and culture are deep and major but difficult to decipher. Clearly, though, the wasteland outlook of 1920s modernism owed much to the literal wasteland of the Western front between 1914 and 1918, and the later vogues of absurdism, existentialism, and black comedy were in part reactions to the unprecedented horror of World War II. The dominant cultural tendency of the 1960s, the release and celebration of the irrational, was in its turn a reaction against the insensate rationality with which the Vietnam War was conducted and propagandized by successive Administrations. The 1960s recoil from rationality, from mind as a principle of order and a means of control, continued in the 1970s, but in a different form. In the 1960s the attack on rationality had a radical political bearing, but in the 1970s it slipped its political moorings and became more and more the property of the right. But whereas the 1960s irrationality had a Dionysian impulse, the new irrationality celebrates mechanism; specifically it vaunts the superiority of unchecked market forces over any sort of "planning" or rational control. Anyone who has talked to intelligent young people in recent years will have remarked on the popularity of this laissez-faire thinking, as will anyone who has watched the rapid rise to the best-seller list of such books as *Looking Out For Number One* by Mark Monsky and the works of George Gilder and Milton Friedman. These publicists have succeeded in giving capitalism a neoromantic gloss, a positively inspirational dimension. They have accomplished this improbable feat by exploiting the post-1960s distrust of mind, and especially of government as embodied mind.

INSPIRATIONAL CAPITALISM carries over into the 1980s the 1960s attack on society as a corrupting medium which distorts the proper development of the individual. The 1960s radicals denounced society for racism, sexism, and inculcation of the warlike mentality. The new radicals attack the idea that society has any moral claims over the individual, especially that fictive individual, the corporation. Both agree, however, that the villain is society, acting in the trial-and-error method of reason. Now that supply-side economics is as familiar as regret, the appeal of the new radicalism may diminish. Still, it does sound a deep echo in national myth and in common experience with bureaucrats, and so its obituary is apt to be premature. That the new radicals control the giddy heights of myth, that their policies appeal to wish and will rather than to reason, and that they now possess a virtual monopoly on the post-1960s distrust of mind should be a cause of concern among liberals. Liberalism has been the politics of rational adjustment to reality. It was liberal government that recognized the magnitude of the economic crisis in the 1930s, liberal government that faced the international challenge of defeating Fascism and containing Communism, and, from the labor insurgency of the 1930s to the civil rights movement of the 1960s, it was liberal government that accommodated the nation to social change. Now the challenge facing liberalism is to restore the country to full employment in the face of an unprecedented foreign threat to our industrial and commercial supremacy. Meeting this challenge will require an immense exertion of mind and ingenuity of policy. Liberals will have to confront the polity with painful questions. Already democratic economists such as Lester Thurow are saying that economic rationality may demand that the country take such drastic steps as getting out of the automobile business altogether. Other democratic economists are warning that the deindustrialization of America, which is wrecking the country's economic base and leaving ghost towns across the map of the Northeast and the Midwest, will have to be arrested, or at least rationally directed, and its social costs met. On inflation, liberals are arguing that the tight money policy of the Reagan-Carter years makes plain the folly of using monetarism as an anti-inflation brake, and are urging instead wage and price control schemes and incomes policies that sound perfectly rational—as well as endlessly complicated and politically controversial.

THE COMPLEXITY of the problems before us guarantees that the mere raising of them into the national consciousness will be resisted. Meanwhile, the party of myth and ideology will propound its solutions, which in turn will becloud the realities, making it appear as if we have only to abolish taxes altogether, or go back to the gold standard, or repeal the minimum wage, or break the market power of the trade unions, and Reaganomics will work. Liberals increasingly will have to play the role of Cassandra, sounding a note of warning and alarm to a country stupefied by Republican nostrums. It is the right role for them to play, but the cultural resistance to mind, reason, and the problematic—and the cultural disposition toward reassuring myths—will make it neither an easy nor a rewarding one. The reason for this is clear: liberalism has been the reflection in mind and politics of modern actuality, and if you don't like that actuality, you won't like liberalism. To avoid the fate of Cassandra, liberals must somehow attach their analyses and prescriptions to symbols that stir the imagination, that light up actuality with possibility. Problem-solving, in other words, cannot be an end in itself. The blatantly pro-rich policies of this Administration give liberals a chance to appropriate a potent symbol that historically has belonged to the right. The symbol is that of the nation. As Samuel Beer will soon argue in these pages, appeals to the idea of the nation are very much in the liberal tradition. Against the new radical vision of America as a society of atomized competing individuals who owe nothing to each other or to the nation and receive nothing in return, liberals can offer a vision of Americans as one people, united through their national government to master their difficulties and fulfill their destiny. Against the conservative deification of the corporation as the instrument of our salvation, liberals can urge the greater material and moral efficacy of democratic participation in the economic decisions that will shape our future. The challenge of liberalism, in short, is to fuse mind and feeling into a politics of rational hope.

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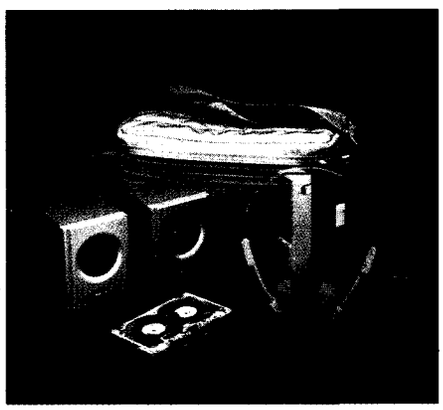

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